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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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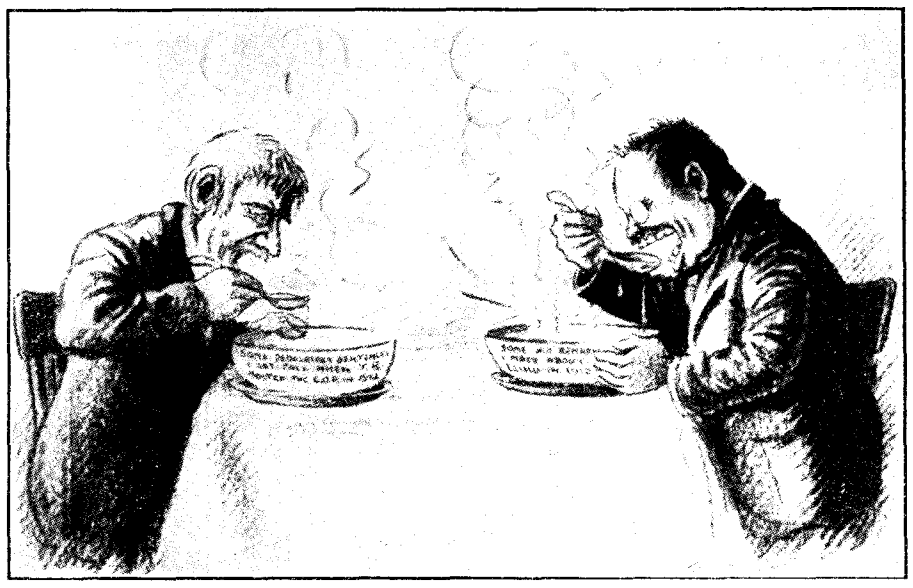

ROOSEVELT AND ROOT EAT THEIR WORDS
CONTEMPORARY CARTOON, ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

Here Was a Man

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By HENRY F. PRINGLE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THE story of Theodore Roosevelt properly told must be much more than the biography of a man. It must be a sort of myth of an epoch. For more than any other leader we have had since Lincoln's day, Theodore Roosevelt dramatized a cause. His cause may be defined rather indefinitely as the rising class consciousness of the common man, the average man in the middle stratum of our economic life; specifically, the farmer who owned his land, the merchant, the professional man, teacher, preacher, editor, lawyer, doctor, and the like, and the upper range of skilled labor. For Theodore Roosevelt never attracted the tenant farmer, the hired man, the casual, seasonal laborer, nor the average skilled laborer connected with mass production in textiles, steel, coal, copper, the building trades, the teamsters, the truck farmers. These always distrusted him. His Harvard accent affronted them. His occasional outgivings upon what they regarded as highbrow topics made them suspicious that he was erudite and hence out of sympathy with them. Also, Roosevelt was a hopeless addict to the balanced sentence. Whereases, ifs, buts, on the other hands, irritably indicated to the man who voted his prejudices and not his intelligence that here was a leader who was not to be trusted to go the whole distance. And that crowd—what might be termed the lower middle class in America if there is such a class—must have a leader who makes no negations, permits no limitations, denies restrictions, and scorns qualifications.

So Roosevelt's mob was composed of men and women, educated generally through the high school, who read a daily paper and some sort of a weekly or monthly magazine occasionally, who lived at a minimum in a five-room house or apartment and at a maximum of eight or ten, who hated the very rich and feared the very poor—the one as greedy and powerful, the other as greedy and ignorant, both dangerous. This Roosevelt mob ruled the roost in America during the first decade and a half of this country. Most of the time Roosevelt led it. It was his crowd. Some of the time LaFollette's crowd marched with it. Some of the time the Cleveland crowd went along. Always some of the Bryanites could be depended on one way or another, under Bryan's leadership some times, under Roosevelt's leadership occasionally, to make a part of this middle class group that came into consciousness of power and so into sovereignty in those days.

Mr. Pringle's biography of Roosevelt is an honest and intelligent attempt—whether conscious or not, one may not say—to segregate Roosevelt, the man, from the Roosevelt crowd, the Rooseveltians, the middle class mob. Mr. Pringle does not, in this biography, deny the Roosevelt background. He does not ignore it. But he does not emphasize it, and emphasis is needed to get Roosevelt in focus. The Roosevelt whom we see here moving through Mr. Pringle's pages is by all odds the most carefully documented figure, and this is the most comprehensive story, the most illuminating, convincing, and reasonable picture of Roosevelt that has been made since his death. With fairness that is often painful and so, by its very conscious effort to be fair may be indeed a bit unfair, Mr. Pringle has built up a theory of Roosevelt, the man. He has built

(*Continued on page 260*)

But I Entreat You

By VIRGINIA MOORE

BUT I entreat you not to die.
You would not tear my tongue from natural mooring,
Nor shave my ears flush with my head, nor try
To give me darkness for an eye.

Nor prick my hairs out one by one,
Nor blot my nostrils that were good for breathing,
Nor amputate by stroke these arms that have done
So much of lifting, and legs that run.

You would not (great and gentle) plunge
A dagger through my ribs, that faulty armor,
And till you found my heart loosen and lunge
And plug the hole up with a sponge.

Then cry your No to death, for you
Are more to me than tongue, ears, eyes, and hair close fastened,
Nostrils, and arms, and legs, and live heart too,
And unseen the vital residue.

Scarlet Becomes Crimson

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

KING LOG and King Stork! We have been distressed by the minor cruelties of American writing, by Faulkner's slick gangsters and vicious school girls, by the ruthless sex-seeking of night-life novels, and all the hate and rancor in current realism. And many have said that these hard young girls, and the muddled idealists, and the spiritual anarchists, and the boobs and sensualists, and the drunkards and sentimentalists, were not worth a tragic catharsis, and have added that nine-tenths of the characters in "advanced" American fiction belong in a psychopathic ward or could be colonized in some new Botany Bay with immense advantage to the state. They have complained of King Log and now Eugene O'Neill has given them King Stork. Instead of sadism among the vulgar, he gives them the morbid tragedy of large souls, instead of the quarrels of corrupt animals he gives them karma and fate.

He goes back to the eighteen sixties for his setting but that is camouflage. The after-war period of this new "Electra" is more like the nineteen twenties than any post Civil War decade that history records. His characters are fed up with death and idealism. Cruelty is easy for them, the conventions are broken, and desire comes quickly to action. His younger generation are trying to escape from everything they dislike in memory, and are failing. Love for its own sake is at a premium, and stoicism is no longer a virtue. In short, it is 1920.

But the dramatist assumes what younger writers busy with the new cosmopolitanism of Chicago and New York have ignored, the continuing virility of the old American strain, and its capacity for tragic elevation in the last stages of the struggle between protestant moralism and the will to live and love. He has gone back to the eighteen sixties for the second act in a drama of which Hawthorne wrote the first, because the heroic and romantic quality of his story requires the perspective of time; but O'Neill, unlike his younger companions, seems to believe that there are still heroic families, still Mannons in America, and of these he chooses to write.

Let "Mourning Becomes Electra"* be discussed then as a contemporary play, which indeed all works of literature coming from contemporary minds essentially are, no matter what the dating of the scenes. And as such it is King Stork for the cheerful with vengeance, and is likely, when played, to gobble up all their little frogs of optimism which go hopping about the shores of the American pond. For what we have here is a story far grimmer than any Hawthorne conceived of. "The Scarlet Letter" was a tale of a sin against conscience, where great lovers failing to reconcile their beliefs with their acts were forced into penance as the only resolution of the conflict. But the Mannons, New England shipbuilders, great people in their great house, sinned against their own nature. Scarlet in them became a duller crimson. Love was a guilty passion, and it broke through, was thwarted, was suppressed, according to opportunity, not conscience or even whole-hearted desire. The dead Mannons, Abe and David, had both loved Marie Brantôme, the servant in the house; Abe's wife loved David; David took Marie; Abe, the elder, drove him out and ruined him; Marie was deserted; David hung himself; the very house in which the brothers lived was torn down in a jealous fury; and the passions of this family, first suppressed and then exploding, passed into the family character, where they made a doom which is the subject of this play. The tensity of this earlier situation accentuated every psychological trait of a family already strongly marked by Puritan tenacity and animal passion, and this tensity became a trait so heritable that every one of the descendants, Marie's illegitimate child like the rest, shared it in common with an abnormal family resemblance. Lovers and enemies were fused into the Mannon type.

And this doom, which is reasonable only if you suppose that the affair of love and jealousy described above was a crisis of already determined character, became a psychological nightmare. Every Mannon in the play takes a double role, and every Mannon wears a mask-like face which hides a constant inner conflict. General Ezra, expected back from the war when the curtain rises, looks always like a statue on a memorial monument and yet rages with a purely sensual passion for a wife that he wishes to have as mistress. Lavinia, his daughter, is jealous of her mother and in love with her father. Orin, his son, is jealous of him and in love with his mother. Christine, the mother, is in love with her son, and when he is forced away from her into the war by a jealous father, takes on the mariner, Captain Brant, who is no other

* MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA. By EUGENE O'NEILL. New York: Horace Liveright. 1931. $2.50.

This Week

"GREEN MEMORY."
Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON.

"WHAT ARE WE TO DO WITH OUR LIVES?"
Reviewed by HENRY TRACY.

"WYATT EARP."
Reviewed by STANLEY VESTAL.

"NATIVE STOCK."
Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD.

"HYPNOTIC POETRY."
Reviewed by C. E. ANDREWS.

"JOB: The Story of a Simple Man."
Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

"SPARKS FLY UPWARD."
Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD.

"SATURDAY NIGHT."
Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD.

"THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI."
Reviewed by KENNETH MCKENZIE.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week

CHILDREN'S BOOK NUMBER.

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than the illegitimate son of Marie Brantôme and David Mannon. Orin, Brant, and Ezra are replicas in appearance. "Vinnie" is her mother over again, but soured and repressed. In this family there are two characters, one raging for love and life but held back and holding back, one freely moving toward desire (are they Abe and Marie Brantôme?), but these are mingled and blended until each individual is drawn and torn by conflicting temperaments.

And for three plays, each an act in a trilogy which is inconclusive except as a whole, O'Neill debates the question as to whether happiness is right. Christine desires it and takes Brant as her lover. Ezra desires it, and humbles himself before Christine. She poisons him, and Vinnie, taking Electra's part and already jealous because of Brant, turns Orin (her Orestes) against his mother, drives him into murdering Brant, and Christine into suicide. Orin desires happiness and will marry the gentle Hazel; but Vinnie fears that he will reveal the family secrets, and when the price of his renunciation is set at the anesthetizing guilt of an incestuous relationship with herself, she helps him to self murder. Vinnie is still determined to escape into love and life, but in the complexity of her guilt finds that she cannot marry her simple lover Peter without poisoning his nature and his happiness. She goes back into the house of Mannon, the shutters are closed, and she puts on mourning for life.

Thus O'Neill offers three solutions for a life entanglement. First, a ruthless break through into satisfaction, which here is blocked by situations arising from the Mannon character. Second, a drowning of conscience in guilt so complete that character disintegrates. This the weak Orin finds possible, and the strong Vinnie impossible. Third, a return to stoicism, either the stoicism of death, or the stoicism of renunciation, each sterile. The last curtain falls on this solution.

"Mourning Becomes Electra" is not melodrama, although two murders, two suicides, an adultery, and three incestuous relationships, might make Gorbuduc hide his head and the Duchess of Malfi shudder! It is not melodrama because, granted the Mannon character, what follows is logical though lurid. Neither is it realism. These Mannons and the village dependents who serve as chorus are written up in the low tone and speak in the familiar language of the realistic drama, but all are symbols, and the tragic figures have the shadowy greatness of romantic heroes and heroines capable of anything. The faces of Captain Peter and his sister, Hazel, who are so unfortunate as to love, and be loved, by the Mannons, are not masked because there is nothing to hide. Seth, the gardener, the family confidante, has put on a mask of drunken senility to cover what he knows and what the Mannons have made of him. He and his boozy chanteys provide a clowning in the style of King Lear. But the Mannons and the Mannon wives are Byronic figures, each like the spectral troop in Beckford's "Vathek" hiding a burning heart, and masking the character which is the fatal family gift.

And one is forced to the rather astonishing conclusion for this day and generation that to the ultra-modern Mr. O'Neill, who in "Strange Interlude" introduced the populace to Freud, the American Puritan, with his conflicts between duty and desire, is still romantic. Like Hawthorne he veils and adumbrates his characters into shadowy and terrible greatness, like Hawthorne he sees no solution to the conflict and so wrecks his characters upon it as upon the rock of fate. Is this due to some racial compulsion, which we, in our light skepticism have overlooked, or has he wearied of the trivial interludes of modern love affairs and gone back to soul-searching Puritanism for a theme, precisely as the writers of movie scenarios yearn back to a long-vanished Wild West in search of a virile story?

And indeed there are clear indications that Mr. O'Neill is riding his romance too hard in "Mourning Becomes Electra." The old rigors, the old conflicts that inspired Hawthorne are no longer enough, they have no "kick" in them for O'Neill unless they are lifted from imagination into nightmare and lead to situations so sensational that it is horror rather than imaginative sympathy which they inspire. All, all the Mannons must be made incestuous in wish, because the last step in the suppression of desire by a code is a spiritual morbidity where the tortured soul can be satisfied only by what is forbidden in every man's taboo. All, all in their imaginations long for some "happy island" of the South Seas (and Lavinia goes to seek it) where they can lapse into primitivism with their beloveds and doff their karmas with their garments. The Puritan tradition of greed and suppression, duty and accomplishment, is driven into a baleful Purgatory with no way out but a return to savagery, or a final extinction of all that makes it human. This is the kind of alternative that Byron used to offer a shuddering Europe. It was excess then, it is excess now. The dramatist has tortured his situation until it becomes an abnormality, and his tragedy suffers from the law of diminishing returns.

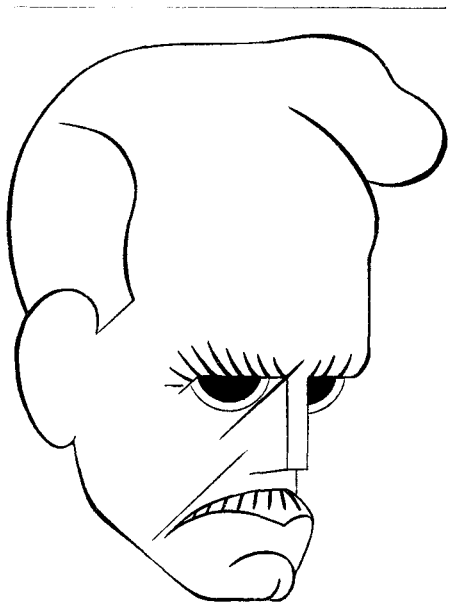
I submit that by every literary and historical test this is decadence, the sensationalism of decadence, the reversals of decadence by which the recessive abnormalities of character become the mainsprings of the plot. It is what Melville attempted in his violent reaction from the happy simplicities of "Typee," but lost himself in a maze of words. I offer this as a definition rather than as a criticism, for there have been masterpieces of decadent literature (such as Poe's tales of the grotesque), although their place is on the fumy downward slope of Parnassus. But whence comes this tension which, when the tragic imagination of Americans reaches a certain pitch, sends our best minds taut and trembling into the depths of the macabre? Hawthorne, Poe, Melville, Bierce, and in our time, Faulkner, Green, O'Neill! If it is the karma of Puritanism, why should that so deeply and so morbidly affect us now? It it is a reaction to the surface optimism of a materialistic country, why should the classic Americans in America's most settled period have been driven also?

It is, I presume, the result of a triple struggle which has lasted longer than the United States:—an unexampled acquisitive energy bred of protestantism and pioneering; an unexampled idealistic optimism, the strain which Emerson and Whitman have lifted into literature; and a violence of reaction against either or both of these native impulses which carries the sensitive and dissatisfied spirit (even a Mark Twain) into a search for something horrid enough to smite this complacent country into attention—a jaw bone of a corpse, or a spectre from the Merrymount that has been sacrificed to make Chicago and New York, or the spectacle of the Puritan himself (as here) mangled between the jaws of conscience and lurid desires.

They have all taken refuge in romance, these rebels, and that has been their weakness. Hawthorne was cloudy, Poe hysterical, Melville confused; and O'Neill, with all his power of summoning figures of depth and magnitude, weakens into morbidity. Exasperated (like the others) by bourgeois complacency, and aghast at the possibilities his heated imagination discovers in the Puritan conflict, O'Neill in this play stacks his cards, adds incest to adultery, murder to mental breakdown, and flings the whole pack at his stodgy audiences, determined to make them sit up and see what he sees in their family lives. In the same fashion he underlined and interpolated in "Strange Interlude" until he had planted Freud in the dullest intelligence. It is Byron's, it is Poe's frantic longing to be understood, It is a phase, I think, of decadence, and a real limitation upon the art of one of the very few modern dramatists in English who can lay claim to the high ground of tragedy.

Mr. O'Neill is like his own Emperor Jones. The bogies of his mind pursue him. He has insight and a quite terrific power of masking and unmasking his characters. But the warped mind, the unbalanced imagination, and characters sick from their own complexities, attract him as if he were an interne in a hospital. And then his innate romanticism clothes them in morbid terrors and gives them strange baleful worlds to play in, which are too like our own to be laughed at, yet too strained, too tense, too highly specialized, to be altogether convincing.

If our American society is truly decadent; if its energy is merely the noise of a pack on a trail leading nowhere, and its true story to be found only in its sick and defeated souls, then O'Neill is its prophet. If it is not decadent (and I for one, who have been as free as any to attack the lunacy of contemporary ideals, do not for an instant believe it to be decadent), if, like so many other societies as they approach maturity, it is working out with sweat and infinite variety the karma of Puritanism, the karma of progress, the karma of the machine, then it is O'Neill who is decadent, a fine talent wandering in a nightmare, where truth and sensational exaggeration are strangely mixed,



EUGENE O'NEIL
FROM A CARTOON BY EVA HERMANN FOR "ON PARADE" (COWARD-MC CANN)

in which art becomes lurid with all the devices of melodrama, and where life is subjected to the arbitrary rules of literary psychology made compulsive by a brilliant dialogue that becomes more articulate with every turn of the screw. His skill, his sincerity, and his lift above the triviality of current drama and fiction, stir the emotions, but they are not purged; his very excess curdles them. Indeed the super-sensational, super-sentimental, super-everything feature movie, and the high-tension, romantic decadence of the O'Neill tragedies have many points of resemblance. They are both phases of the last stages of nineteenth century American romance.

This criticism was written after reading but before seeing "Mourning Becomes Electra." Since writing it, I have seen the play, and have been deeply impressed by its relentless flow of action, its brilliant and imaginative dialogue, and the beautiful simplicity with which the mills of circumstance grind down the Mannon soul to the fine dust of passive resistance. After five hours at "Mourning Becomes Electra" one feels that there is no more skilful playwright at work today than Eugene O'Neill. The subtlety with which his tragic relationships change and renew, son taking the rôle of father, daughter assuming the soul as well as the visible shape of mother, is worthy of the highest praise. It is a notable play, if not a great tragedy. And powers of drama not fully grasped by the reader appear in the actual playing. The duel of women, first mother against daughter, then daughter against brother's sweetheart, makes a curve of tensity through the three plays which lifts and holds the imagination of the audience until one can conceive of an auditor entirely insensitive to intellectual subtlety who would be stirred by this drama as the groundlings were stirred by "Hamlet."

And yet to sit through a performance of "Mourning Becomes Electra" is to realize, in spite of an attention never for a moment relaxed, how purely intellectual are the materials of the play. All watchers are tense and excited: none of them seems to be moved in an emotional sense except by the broadly human Captain Brant. There are no thrills of sympathy, none of that spiritual exaltation that waits upon tragedy. And the reason is to be found, I think, in what I have said above. The great characters are all selfish. Nothing outside of their own will stirs them. The high-tension hate which makes the drama move is sprung not from fate or inevitable human circumstance but of those complexities of incestuous desire which make the Mannon family a thing apart. Without those special passions the family could never have brought about such catastrophes. The Greeks who wrote the Electra tragedies would have drawn back, I think, from such a dependence upon special circumstance. They would have known as well as we, although without our psychological terms to describe them, the perversions of love in every strong family, but they would not have rested a tragic development upon an abnormal instance. They were sounder dramatists than Eugene O'Neill. No one can question his consummate skill as a playwright.

What Would You Do?

THE BOOK OF DILEMMAS. By LEONARD HATCH. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1931. $1.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT KEITH LEAVITT

MR. HATCH'S amusing volume is another in the procession of participating exercise books which have been so significent a factor in the publishing business ever since the "Cross Word Puzzle" and "Ask Me Another" books. It is, however, rather more on the party amusement side than most of its predecessors.

"The Book of Dilemmas" presents a series of situations briefly outlined, in which the reader is asked to place himself and decide upon a course of action. You assume yourself to be, for example, a young and promising clergyman, returning from Europe aboard a ship which carries not only some of your most straitlaced parishioners, but an angel-faced young lady with whom you have become acquainted. As you are going below one day, this delectable creature asks you to leave in her stateroom a small briefcase. On the way you stumble, the briefcase crashes asunder and cascades into the very laps of your parishioners a choice collection of pornographic postcards.

> Before you can explain, the young lady appears, and by a look implores your silence.
>
> Should you accept the situation, involving the notoriety of being classed as a whited sepulchre disgracing your clerical garb, and also involving sure trouble with your parishioners? Or should you make the attempt to pin the blame where it belongs—on the seemingly nice young lady who has so reprehensible a taste in art?

Your task as a reader is to decide upon the proper course of action in this and some twenty-seven other cases. Perhaps a quarter of them are titillatingly improper, for the volume is intended to be used either by the solo player, by a twosome, or by a large party. The astute publishers cannily furnish you with blank pages in which to inscribe the results of wrestling with your own conscience and the dicta of your friends. Further, the book follows the formula for successful works of its type in giving you the nearest thing possible to a rating scale with which to compare your own performance. After every dilemma there are printed the solutions of four acknowledged authorities in manners of genteel conduct, Messrs. Franklin P. Adams, Bruce Barton, Heywood Broun, and Christopher Morley. Their judgments are not the least entertaining feature of the book, especially in the not infrequent cases where one or another of them is forced to perform a masterpiece of equivocation.

On the whole, the book is well adapted to its primary purpose, which is catering to the entertainment of people who like, not reading, but *doing* things with books.

A three-act play by Signor Mussolini, entitled "Napoleon," is to be produced in Paris in November. It deals with Napoleon's return from Elba.

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Pax Mundi

WHAT ARE WE TO DO WITH OUR LIVES? By H. G. WELLS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931.

Reviewed by HENRY TRACY

HERE is something which has to be read. A review will not dismiss it. To make reading possible and prompt and widespread, we have it in a paper binding. It is safe to say that this expresses the wish of the author. He writes under a vivid sense of world stresses. More so than is common with this ardent and prolific propagandist? I think so. At least more completely in focus.

Condensed and directed at a particular point in time—the exact present—the logic of the book is coercive. This is no inspirational treatise on what to do with our personal lives in order to escape boredom. A number of pertinent facts are cited, calling attention to the way our world impinges on its individuals—not merely one class or type, but all persons of all ranks and persuasions—and constrains them, variously dwarfing, obstructing, defeating them, so that their lives miscarry. They are obvious facts. Who denies them? But the peculiar genius of Mr. Wells consists in his ability to take commonplace, indisputable and therefore universally tolerated facts, and make them into a pretty cogent chain of reasoning. This he did (so we say) in middle life, for a diversion. Respectable Edwardians were annoyed by certain implications they found in his books, but the cure was easy: not read him! Strangely enough their cure did not work. The disease called H. G. Wells persisted. And now, just when this dubious and perhaps contagious case should have been passing, with gout and cane, into harmless desuetude, comes this disturbing little book, in cheerfullest yellow paper cover and a very selling title.

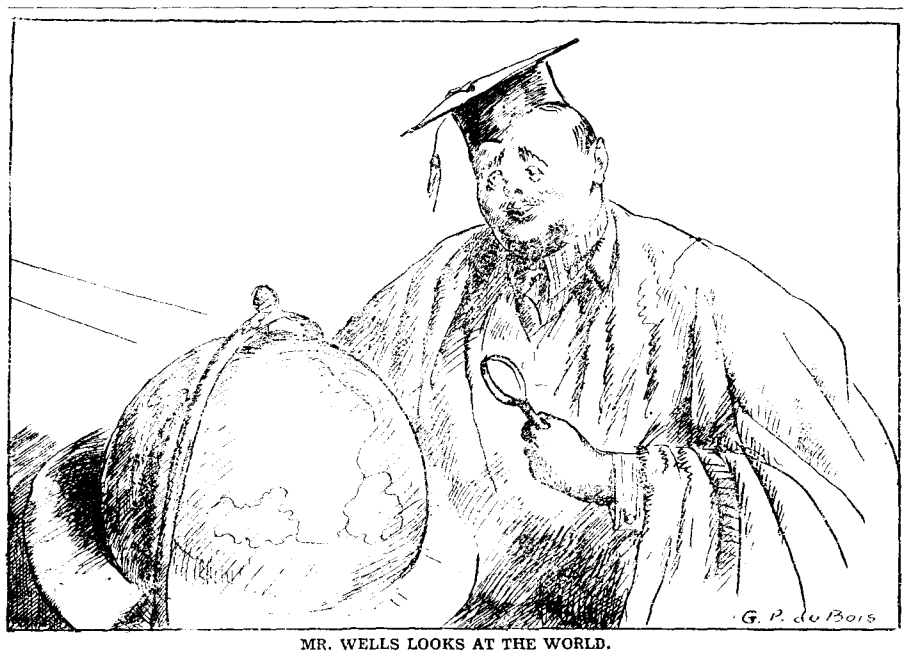
Only a fool would attempt an academic review of it. If anything can blast the mental inertia of the common man, here is the dynamite. *Homo sapiens europœus*, the common or garden variety of man, with H. G. Wells as self-confessed incarnation of him—this man, tired of waiting for somebody with genius or higher intellectual gifts to come along and provide it for him, decides to form a new ideology of things, and one that will work. And he does it. There is the gist of this slim but compact manifesto. As for its point and purpose, it is that of "The Open Conspiracy" brought down to date and stripped for action.

Those who thought that Herbert George Wells had done his bit and retired, were mistaken. "The Outline of History," "The Science of Life," "Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind" merely lay in his path. So we find, early in this new work, where he recapitulates the crucial nodes in the evolution of his doctrine. This present volume is its cap and condensation. What makes it so (quite apart from his own admissions) is the fact that it contains dynamics. It incites to intelligent action; is no manual of political non-resistance; proposes to revise the conduct of world affairs by revising our conduct of the world mind. Here is a manual of moral self-education, and one infinitely more to the point than if its drift were scattered through the pages of "Joan and Peter." The author of one hundred and eight books or pamphlets should know, by now, what he has to say, and should be able to condense it. He should and he does. Here is the proof. And what has the man to say? Nothing new, really. He has to say that we are due for the beginnings of an alignment among intelligent people the world over, for a world civilization "that will enable us to realize the promises and avoid the dangers of this new time." And he has to show that such a notion is not Utopian. His ground is, belief in the power of an intelligent minority; this power gradually spreading, through reforms in education. He looks to the "Atlantic States" of Scandinavian, German, Dutch, French, English and other European peoples to unite with an American minority (not yet in power) for constructive research, foreshadowing a gradual taking over economic and political control when the world is ripe for it.

Now if such ideas are distressful to any reader he may do as did the Edwardians, and turn his eyes another way. But it may surprise a few to know that this treatise is expressly anti-Marxian. It disposes effectively of such shibboleths as "proletarian," denies the validity of "class war," and punctures the notion of a discreet and immiscible interest called "Labor." It holds out hope for the discovery of social intelligence among bankers. It describes the Russian Five Year Plan as an autocratic and capitalistic measure.

Apart from its serious intent, it would be a pity to miss the many pungent and pithy phrasings one finds scattered all through these pages; or the good satire. But, after all, there is one thing in it I should count it criminal to neglect, and that is, a priceless parable (I have it red-lettered in my notes, and the page is 126). It is called the story of the pig on Provinder Island. It is a "parable," in God's truth, but the lines laid down in the Gospels are changed; the thing is hilariously funny. This reviewer had begun reading "What Are We to Do With Our Lives?" at twelve, midnight. It was two-thirty when he came to the parable of the pig. It released him—and since release for humanity is the keynote of the book, he was right to call it a day, and a good one.

Henry Tracy is a biologist and author of many books in belles lettres, *among them "English as Experience."*



MR. WELLS LOOKS AT THE WORLD.
Drawn for the SATURDAY REVIEW *by Guy Pene du Bois*

The American Racket

WYATT EARP, Frontier Marshal. By STUART N. LAKE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by STANLEY VESTAL

EXCEPTING only Billy the Kid and Sitting Bull, there is no name of any frontiersman within living memory around which so many legends and myths have been piled as the name Earp. The exploits of that famous family of gun-fighters, and especially the exploits of Wyatt, most celebrated of the brothers, have provided no end of themes for discussion, have whiled away the tedium of countless readers of Western stuff, and have made the fortunes of whole flocks and sects of writers who dealt in more or less fictionized versions of those thrilling encounters. So thick was the veil of legend, so dim the mountain of fact, that readers had a hard time making sure whether the Earp boys were murderous desperadoes or heroic officers of the law. But now the clouds are swept away, the facts stand clear. Wyatt Earp has spoken.

His career as hunter, pioneer, buffalo-hunter, gambler, cowman, and marshal carries the reader into many of the most celebrated cow-camps and mining-camps of the old West—Dodge and Wichita, Deadwood, and Elsworth, and the rest—all the way from Tombstone, Arizona to Nome, Alaska, and back. We see him in constant action, facing mobs and drunken killers, shooting his way out of tight corners, dragging bad men out of trouble by the ears, tracking road-agents patiently through waterless desert, afoot and hungry and dogged by faithless deputies in league with the very men he was after. We meet gamblers, Fairy Belles, Texas cow-outfits hell-bent to hurrah the Jayhawk cow-towns at the end of steel, and most thrilling of all, we follow the long sanguinary duel between organized, protected crime in league with Arizona sheriffs and the fighting Earps, which ended in the cowardly killing of "Morg" Earp, and Wyatt's revenge. It is the old American racket all over again.

In this book a thousand disputed facts are cleared up, and the facts convincingly presented. So far as one may judge a book which brings so much that is fresh and unexpected, the author has made a rare contribution to authentic Western history, and has presented a thoroughly interesting, gripping, clear, and credible story. The book is eminently readable, without the usual attempts to excite the reader with rhetorical tricks and sensational handling. So well has the author caught the spirit of his subject that the frequent passages taken verbatim from the man of action, Wyatt Earp, cause no interruption or distraction from the main narrative style. Mr. Lake writes as straight as Wyatt Earp shot. A sound performance, which will please all those readers of Western books who are now as exacting in matters of style as they have always been in matters of fact and detail.

As to these, the merits of the book are legion. We have Wyatt Earp's long explanation and discussion of the fine points and technique of gun-play, illustrated by examples from the practice of the most proficient masters of the art; we have a detailed account of the methods of hide-hunters on the buffalo range, more complete than any I know; we have shown to us the inside politics of cattle-rustling and gambling and territorial politics in Arizona as they affected the work of peace officers. John Charles Fremont comes in for some very adverse criticism; and more than one mythical gunman, such as "Doc" Holliday, is brought to life, photograph and all.

If one has any regret, it is that the profanity throughout the book should have been so uniformly washed out and euphemized. Of course, that is all in the tradition of the frontier, an absurdity of our culture which tolerated murder and manslaughter as necessary, but boggled at a naughty word in print. But perhaps even the language of Long John Silver would prove uninspiring, if we were permitted to listen in for long. Yet some spicy speech seems demanded for a book that would present the daring deeds of Western heroes at a time "when there was no law west of Kansas City, and west of Fort Scott, no God."

Stanley Vestal (Walter Stanley Campbell), professor of English at the University of Oklahoma, has carried on extensive research into the history of the West and the Indians of the region. He is the author among other books of "Kit Carson, the Happy Warrior of the Old West."

Six Worthies

NATIVE STOCK. THE RISE OF THE AMERICAN SPIRIT SEEN IN SIX LIVES. By ARTHUR POUND. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

OF the six personages whom Mr. Pound chooses as illustrations of the rise of the American spirit, none, in any reasonable likelihood, would be selected to grace any American Hall of Fame, yet all of them, in widely diverse ways, won in their time something more than ordinary distinction. Of the William Pepperrells whose careers Mr. Pound recounts, Sir William is remembered as the leader of the colonial forces that contributed heavily to the capture of Louisburg from the French; but Pepperrell, although properly honored with a baronetcy and lightly compared by some to Marlborough, was, as Mr. Pound says, "no hero, but merely the commander of an extraordinarily courageous and lucky little army which had achieved the next to impossible, and in so doing had weighted the scales of empire." John Bradstreet deserved well of the colonies for his services in the last French and Indian war, and through his capture of Fort Frontenac paved the way for the fall of New France two years later. Ephraim Williams, killed in the "bloody morning scout" near Lake George, left his estate for a school which shortly became Williams College; but Robert Rogers, scout, frontiersman, and heartless Indian fighter, long celebrated in story for his mythical feat of sliding on snowshoes down the five-hundred-foot face of Roger's Rock, on Lake George, fell into devious ways later as Indian agent and political schemer at Machinac, went over to the British in 1776, and died in poverty in London in 1795.

It was the fate of James Clinton, another of Mr. Pound's worthies, to be overshadowed by his younger brother George, twice Vice-President of the United States, and by his son De Witt, governor of New York and official builder of the Erie Canal. James had a more than creditable record in the Revolutionary War, however, commanded the advance part of the American army on its march to Yorktown peninsula in 1781, and was honored by the selection of his brigade to receive the colors which Cornwallis surrendered.

The most spectacular of Mr. Pound's six was Elkanah Watson. Watson's estimate in 1790 that the population of the United States would reach 133,000,000 in 1930 has often been recalled as a clever piece of calculation, but his romantic career included extraordinarily extensive travel in the United States both before and after the Revolution, a successful business venture in France which the French Revolution blasted, the intimate friendship of Franklin, and a disillusioning encounter with Thomas Paine, whom he found at Nantes "unmistakably foul, loaned him a shirt, and browbeat him into taking a bath by denying" him "a packet of English newspapers until he smelled less like brimstone." On his return to America Watson preached enthusiastically the gospel of canals for New York, of which Governor Clinton was to become the successful apostle, was served with tea by Washington in person while suffering an attack of bronchitis at Mount Vernon, went in for gentleman farming in Berkshire county, Massachusetts, launched the first county fair, and died in peace as late as 1842.

Mr. Pound does not claim that these six lives are exceptional illustrations of stages of national development, but he nevertheless thinks that the attentive reader will discover in them "some of the details of a wide and deep evolution of thought and feeling." The reader will have to be very attentive indeed to make the discovery, or, for that matter, to see in the book anything except what it really is—a well-written, carefully worked, and extremely entertaining collection of biographical sketches of six early Americans who were of some importance in their day.

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Methods of Poetry

HYPNOTIC POETRY. By EDWARD D. SNYDER. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1930.

THE TECHNIQUE OF ENGLISH VERSE. By GEORGE R. STEWART, JR. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1930. $1.75.

Reviewed by C. E. ANDREWS

PEOPLE who enjoy poetry are hesitant about reading books on verse rhythm, and the most ardent metrist will not claim that a knowledge of dactyls and cesuras will make you love poetry. But if you enjoy it enough to be curious about it you will find an extremely interesting suggestion in Mr. Snyder's book and the basis for a very stimulating study in Mr. Stewart's.

"Hypnotic Poetry" is a plausible explanation of the spell-weaving effect of a certain rather small group of famous poems when read aloud. Gray's "Elegy," "Kubla Khan," "The Ancient Mariner," "The Isles of Greece," "Annabel Lee," and "Crossing the Bar," have an entirely different effect on an audience from such poems as "My Last Duchess," "The Rape of the Lock," or "The Higher Pantheism." Anyone who has had much experience in reading to a group of people recognizes the special effect which these poems produce, and most of us can recall an almost trance-like experience in listening to some poem well read. And curiously enough, we are often unable to state clearly just what such a poem as "Annabel Lee" means, after we have read it or heard it read. Mr. Snyder has grouped poems on the basis of their spell-weaving effect and tried to determine just what is the underlying difference between the "hypnotic" and the "intellectual" types. He finds by a careful analysis that the spell-weaving poems have all of them a smooth rhythmic perfection, the quality of euphony to an unusual degree, a vagueness of imagery, and an absence of surprise or interruption or of any marked intellectual quality. These things correspond surprisingly to the methods used by medical practitioners in inducing a light hypnotic state. Mr. Snyder quotes from the authoritative books on the subject and makes out a very good case for his parallel. We are actually put into a slight hypnotic trance by listening to these poems.

This theory would have only a limited interest for us, were it not for what it implies. These poems carry their spell-weaving effect to a milder degree even when read silently, and furthermore, there is a large number of poems—most poetry in the language, in fact—which are "semi-hypnotic," that is, hypnotic in some passages and intellectual in others. Most of us will say that now the theory has gone too far. I am inclined to think that the truth of the matter, which has been suggested before, is that all words read rhythmically or heard rhythmically produce an increased emotional susceptibility and a slight dimming of the intellectual faculty. A passage of poetry may give pleasure although only half-understood. The distinction between semi-hypnotic and intellectual poetry, from the point of view of emotional or trance-like effect, seems to me hardly sound. A poem like "My Last Duchess" or "The World is too much with us" may require a preliminary intellectual focussing, but after that it may be read aloud, or silently, with full rhythmic effect and stir the same degree of intense awareness or emotional realization as "To be or not to be" or "Ulysses." Ideas may produce as keen an emotion in many people's minds as images. And then, there is a certain magnetic quality in the voice of some readers, to which part of the spell-weaving may be attributed. I can imagine a Methodist Congregation passing into a trance over the reading of the whole "Rubaiyat" by certain preachers.

"The Technique of English Verse" is written with a great deal of sanity and common sense, rare virtues in a metrist and written by a man with a fine ear for rhythmic effects and an unusual gift for analysis. Mr. Stewart is never satisfied with a mere cataloguing organization, like a filing cabinet full of things that may be of interest to somebody some time. Each special phase of rhythm is presented with the idea of showing the esthetic effect which it may produce. This, of course, is the only intelligent reason for the science of versification. His approach to verse is through the ear, not the eye. The analogy with music is constantly carried out. Mr. Stewart tries to reconcile the "timers" and the "stressers." His reading of verse, I should judge, would avoid the chanting of the one and the prosaic "expression" of the other. He is conscious of the temporal basis, but his discussion is always of the managing of the stresses. He holds that verse may be read as prose, and that some prose may be read with the equal time values of verse. He follows the best modern tendency in considering the distinction between iambic and trochaic of no importance, but merely the result of classical theory.

The most original parts of the book are the chapter on verse in four-four time (dipodic), and that on free verse. Mr. Stewart's contribution to the field, in his previous articles and studies, has been his analysis of the dipodic rhythm, that has become one of the favorites with modern poets, especially Kipling, Masefield, Noyes, Chesterton, and Lindsay. He is one of the first metrists to do more than merely point out the existence of this rhythm. The chapter on free verse is a sensible clarification of a subject that was obscured by irrational poets and by metrists with special theories, until no one knew what to think about it. Mr. Stewart is very scornful of talk about "curves of rhythm" and of "rhythm suited naturally to the subject." At present these terms are merely figures of speech not to be taken seriously.

In general, I wish to recommend the book heartily. In fact, I do not think of any important point on which I should sharply differ with the author. But I find a few things to regret. Perhaps because I am more of a "timer" than Mr. Stewart, I feel that the sense of pattern in verse is so important that more should be made of it by iteration and by varied examples in his first chapter. This would give more point to the detailed discussion of the conflicts with the pattern which take up so much of the book. Naturally, in a study of this kind, some subjects interest the author, and others he puts in merely for completeness. If one considers this as a textbook one wishes Mr. Stewart had not rushed over sonnets and French forms quite so fast, and the chapter on blank verse could be more helpful if all the possible variations that change the character of the type were recapitulated so that one might see just what is meant by the "flexibility" of the form. In view of the work done by the followers of Professor Sievers in the field of pitch rhythm, it seems a little hasty to dismiss the subject as outside the field of metrics. And so with the question of the distribution of time within the measure. The imposing work of William Thomson on the subject and the interesting studies of Professor Croll are hardly to be passed over in a single sentence. Many readers have a rhythmic sense subtle enough to find these musical notations the most interesting approach to the enjoyment of verse. And finally, I do not think Mr. Stewart has contributed much by adding one more system of notation to the jolly diversity already in use. But these are rather personal and perhaps hyper-critical objections. The book is a sound and interesting guide that can make for a quickened appreciation.

Here was a Man

(*Continued from page 257*)

up his figure upon his theory much as a sculptor pastes his clay upon the wood and wire model. The result is a vivid picture of a most remarkable man, a portrait; perhaps more than a portrait, a statue that almost comes to life. It may be the real Roosevelt or not—probably not for no human being can quite conceive himself in another's skin. But it is a figure that will stand until a better one arises, until someone in another decade, taking all the material which has been revealed in the twelve years since Roosevelt's death and the unpublished and undiscovered material which will come out in the next two decades, constructs a new model upon another theory of this strange and powerful creature that dominated America during the first two decades of this century.

The figure of Roosevelt which we have in Mr. Pringle's book stands in the heroic mold. The author has not studied his subject carefully to hate him intelligently. He has enumerated his hero's faults, being careful not to make his hero a plaster saint. He has nicked in his foibles and vanities—and they were many, and those who loved him enjoyed them more than his enemies. In this figure the future historian will see every unpleasant side and angle. Nothing that the future will reveal can disclose more ruthlessly Roosevelt's strong will, his dangerous sense of the dramatic, his keen interest in the opinion of posterity, his narcissian ability to see himself in the possible light of his enemy's eye and then quickly jump aside into a pleasanter attitude, his love of intrigue, his capacity to forgive an opponent and use him with a candor that passes cynicism—all these things Mr. Pringle has molded into the figure that looms out of his book. But he has given us also the other side—the nobility of Roosevelt, his generosity, his impetuous magnanimity, his far-sighted vision in diplomacy. One comes from the Pringle book with a feeling that Roosevelt was of statesmanlike size, that he saw things in the large, that he acted courageously, and that upon the whole and in the main his was an honest life, dedicated to what seemed in that day and with the intelligence of that day the common good, and directed bravely as well as honestly and wisely.

An honest criticism of the book would probably require the statement that Mr. Pringle has telescoped into fifty pages or so Roosevelt's most spectacular and on the whole most important years—from 1912 until his death. Roosevelt's life reached a climax not when he walked down the steps of the White House to ride with President-elect Taft to his inauguration. Rather the big third act came in the Bull Moose movement. There were the fireworks. There, from 1910 to 1916, Roosevelt was revealed in all his strength and in all his weakness, more gorgeously, more terribly and historically, more powerful for what might be called contemporaneous righteousness than in any other time of his career. The Bull Moose party dissolved quickly after the election of 1912. But its momentum kept the Democrats busy until 1917, after which Roosevelt's classic struggle with Wilson from 1915 until 1919 was one of the titanic battles in American public life. Both men stand naked in their strength and their weakness. The history of the world was affected by their attitudes. Mr. Pringle's book had reached 550 pages before he came to the story of the "battle for the Lord." The reader should be thankful for the 550 pages and wait for some other book to complete the story with the same detail, with the same earnest desire to be intelligently honest, that is displayed in this story.

So much is documented about Roosevelt that he seems to have lived a public life for three or four decades with the white light always upon him. The wealth of material is one of the handicaps which anyone carries who writes of Roosevelt. Anecdotes used to spring up in his path. He was a colorful creature, the most highly energized man who has ever sat in the White House, a dynamo in trousers. It is hard, perhaps entirely impossible, to write briefly of him and tell anything like the truth. But this book does reveal a breathing man, out of his background to be sure, somewhat isolated from his time, but there was so much to write that it could not be done with all the pains which Mr. Pringle has used under a thousand pages—from which Heaven forever shield us!

William Allen White, editor of the Emporia Gazette *and one of the leading journalists of America, was one of the outstanding members of the Bull Moose party, and met Roosevelt in both a personal and political relationship.*

A Norwegian correspondent of the London *Observer* writes: "A hitherto unknown drama by Björnstjern Björnson was found recently when some forgotten documents were sorted out. When Björnson died in 1908 all documents belonging to him were sent to his biographer, Professor Christian Collin, of Oslo University. Among the documents was the drama that has now come to light. Professor Collin had probably mislaid it, at least there was no mention of it among the papers found after his death five years ago, and the present discovery was made quite by accident by Björnson's daughter, Mrs. Dagny Björnson Sautreau.

"It is a happy coincidence that the drama was found in time to make it possible to present it during the centennial celebrations to be held in December of next year (Björnson was born on December 8, 1832). The drama was written between 1872 and 1875, and the motive is taken from Norway's medieval history with the two king-brothers, Oystein and Sigurd, as chief characters. The two greatest living authorities on Björnson, Professor Francis Bull, of Oslo, and Professor Lescoffier, of Paris, who have seen the manuscript, agree that the drama is one of the best written by Björnson, full of life and dramatic power."

"Nicolosi Scandurra, the new Virgilian poet, author of I Canti del Poeta Contadino (Milan, Treves), is an authentic peasant working on a small farm near Catania," says the London *Observer*. "For a long time he has improvised verses in the market-place or at local fairs, delighting his countrymen with descriptions of the country and of the pleasures and trials of the working man's life on land or sea.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

JOB. By JOSEPH ROTH. *Viking.*
The moving story of a simple man, a Jew presented first in his native Poland, then in his adopted America, and sore beset by trials and tribulations.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By HENRY F. PRINGLE. *Harcourt, Brace.*
A heroic portrait of a great personality.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA. By EUGENE O'NEILL. *Liveright.*
A trilogy playing in a New England seaport town immediately after the Civil War, embodying "A conception of Fate in terms of modern psychology."

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Uz In America

JOB: THE STORY OF A SIMPLE MAN. By JOSEPH ROTH. Translated by DOROTHY THOMPSON. The Viking Press. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE choice of "Job: The Story of a Simple Man" as the November selection of The Book-of-the-Month Club is a significant one. It signifies, without proclaiming the fact, that the chronicling of emotion—emotion downright and self-declared—has lost none of its potency. For another thing, it proves that a sophisticated and supposedly hypercritical audience is ready to shed its acquired disillusion in the presence of such unashamed faith, hope, and tenderness as Joseph Roth's. When the volume appeared some months ago in the original German, several commentators hinted that "Job" might serve as a great punctuation mark, ending the post-war period during which emptiness and defeat were the only subjects that could be sounded fully and triumphantly. The chorus of praise was swelled by romanticists (like Feuchtwanger), expressionists (like Toller), and realists (like Zweig) with equal enthusiasm. French critics, who might have been expected to placard and deride the book as a piece of Teuton sentimentality, forgot to sneer. I imagine the verdict in America will be no less affirmative.

The tale itself is more than suggested by its title and described in advance by the subtitle. Mendel Singer, like his Biblical predecessor, is a pious Jew who lives in a small village of Russian Poland instead of in the land of Uz. Mendel, like Job, fears God, eschews evil, and can face the future with assurance if not with affluence. It is true that his youngest child, Menuchim, is an epileptic, but the two older sons are vigorous—one is shrewd and the other is fearless—his daughter Miriam is beautiful, his wife Deborah is dutiful and devout. Minor troubles are encountered and conquered, and, when they come too thickly, America opens its arms with the proverbial promise. But America is not Mendel's Paradise; it is his Sheol. Afflictions, unreasoning and undeserved, descend upon him; the huge city first imprisons and then poisons him; tragedies follow on the heels of tribulations. Mendel's son Jonas, who became a soldier in Russia because he liked horses, is sent to the front and is reported missing. The second son, Sam, who was Shemariah before he prospered in America, becomes an officer in the U. S. Army and is killed in action. The daughter Miriam grows up to be a nymphomaniac and is forcibly taken to an asylum. No word comes from Russia, where the youngest child has been left; Menuchim disappears; Deborah dies. Agony engulfs Mendel. He sinks into a half-senile stupor; rallies only to argue with his comforters; questions, then upbraids, and finally denies his God. But the end is as unusual as it is unexpected. The epileptic Menuchim, cured and powerful, becomes famous as a musician under another name. His tour brings him to New York, where he discovers his father and rescues him. Strength and serenity flow back to Mendel. There is a hint that even Miriam may, somehow, be healed and that a new life will restore the "years that the locust have eaten."

But it is the manner in which this tale is told which will compel the reader rather than the story itself. The style is simple but not falsely naïve; serious but never sententious. There is nothing of the repetitively prattling which so often pretends to be the casual revealing of the commonplace. Roth's is an illuminated simplicity unlike any of his contemporaries here or abroad; it is a little like the colloquies of Gottfried Keller, a little like the comments of Hans Christian Andersen. This young German (he is barely forty) refuses to assume the Olympian attitude so dear to the "detached" artist; his method places him in instant and intimate contact with the reader. He is not afraid to call freely upon sentiment—not sentimentality, which is sentiment prodded and on parade.

Technically, Roth's medium is a remarkable blend of modern and ancient tonalities. It is, by turns, brusque and rich, sensuous and incisive; it is the prose of a poet who never finger-posts his poeticisms. Witness the quiet surety of these phrases: "God had given fertility to his loins, equanimity to his heart, and poverty to his hands." "She would have needed a ladder of a million prayers to touch even the hem of God's garment." "He who has had no misfortune does not believe in miracles." Notice, too, the pithiness of Roth's paragraphs, especially such summaries as the following, which epitomize, through the mind of Mendel, the immigrant's fantasy of a dream-America:

> Americans were healthy, their women pretty, sport was important, time was money, poverty was a crime, riches a service, virtue was half of success, and belief in oneself the whole of it, dancing was hygienic, roller-skating a duty, charity was an investment, anarchism a crime, strikers were enemies of mankind, agitators instruments of the Devil, modern machinery a gift of God, Edison the world's greatest genius.

There will be criticism of the conclusion, criticism founded on the realists's objection to a finale with an accompaniment in the key of hearts and flowers. It might be argued, in rebuttal rather than extenuation, that the original book of Job is not without its bright spots and that the stern Author saw fit to furnish it with a happy ending. But the justification is deeper. The out-and-out realist should be told that this is not the book for him, that unless he can believe in miracles he cannot believe in Mendel—although such belief, in an age of television and the Russian experiment, should not be difficult.

There can however, be no criticism of the translation, and I hope it will not pass unnoticed, for it is an unostentatious and yet a skilled piece of workmanship. We are conscious of most translations only by virtue of their vices. But Dorothy Thompson (Mrs. Sinclair Lewis) has never impeded the limpid current of the narrative by the usual inversions, idiomatic distortions, and delayed verbs.

As part of a tendency, "Job" is significant in one more way: it emphasizes the rediscovery of the Bible as literature. In the past few years, novelists in every country have been utilizing the material of both Testaments in fiction, fictionalized biography, and historical reappraisals. Jesus has been reinterpreted by such diverse prophets as Emil Ludwig, Middleton Murry, and D. H. Lawrence; Stella Benson has modernized the book of Tobit; Robert Nathan has rewritten the book of Jonah; there have been Mr. Davis's David, Mr. Washburn's Samson, Mr. Erskine's Adam, Eve, and Lilith, Mr. Bechofer-Roberts's Joseph, and seemingly everybody's Moses. Roth's "Job" strikes me as finer than any of these revaluations. It is by far the clearest in conception as it is the richest and most moving in communication.

Louis Untermeyer, widely known as a poet and critic, is himself the author of one of the revaluations of the Bible of which he speaks in his novel "Moses."

Conflict Between Sisters

LESBY. By ELIZABETH WILLIS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT CANTWELL

THE great weakness of "Lesby" is that it has only one convincing character—Lesby herself, whose strength, and whose admirably presented capabilities, are largely wasted in a struggle with phantoms. There are other people in the novel, to be sure, and their activities are described at length—at greater length, indeed, than are Lesby's—but for some reason their lives never evoke in their author the same imaginative resourcefulness the strong-willed, competent Lesby calls forth whenever she appears. The defect is serious, too, for Elizabeth Willis has not been content to leave her first novel a full-length portrait of a single character, but has insisted on the minor figures, almost as though recognizing their artificiality, and attempting to destroy it by adding more information about them.

The story is a simple one of the conflict between two sisters for the love of one man. Stripped to its elementals, set against the background of a remote Canadian farm, the contest quickly becomes a struggle between the strong and the weak, with Lesby typifying strength and Anne serving less satisfactorily as a symbol of weakness. A partnership in the farm is purchased by a young man who falls in love, first with Lesby and then with Anne. It is in these first chapters, before the story has taken on dramatic interest, that Lesby achieves stature as a character, and the method is simply a pictorial presentation, a description of Lesby engaged in the tasks of the farm, with the details possessing the freshness and immediacy of familiar things clearly seen. The exploits of the other characters seem grudging and mechanical in comparison with the glamour thrown over Lesby's smallest action. In one scene, for example, Stephen is badly cut by a fall over a plowshare, as a result of Anne's folly. Lesby rescues him, cauterizes the wound, and saves his life, while Anne, who is horrified and helpless, can only glance at her lover and blush and run away. Writing of these two characters, the author only summarizes their emotions, their desires—only writes about them, in other words, as though admitting their importance to the story, but essentially at odds with them, and impatient with the indecision they cause. Lesby, on the other hand, is consistently dramatized, whether she is shown acting capably, unhampered by blushes or doubts, as in the episode described, or merely working about the farm, with the result that after each of her appearances the other characters sink deeper into the shadow.

"Lesby" is another attempt to get away from the complexities of modern life, and to present fundamental human relations in a simple environment. It is not a uniformly successful attempt, for Stephen and Anne, one feels, are not simple people, in the sense that Lesby is simple, but subtle and sensitive questioners of their moral codes. If their hesitancy could be given as much dignity, and as much dramatic value, as Lesby's forthright ability to act, the complications of the novel might be less artificial, and Anne's death, at the end, might be more than a convenient and rather timeworn solution.

In Central America

SPARKS FLY UPWARD. By OLIVER LA FARGE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

IT happens that I have seen one or two reviews of Mr. La Farge's second novel which seem to me to do it something less than justice. They spoke of it as an excellent story of Central American revolutionary politics, but gave the preference to his lyrical, and popular, first novel, "Laughing Boy." On the contrary, I venture to say that "Sparks Fly Upward" is a more difficult and more mature creation; a novel thoughtfully and soundly planned, finely proportioned, vigorously and straightforwardly narrated. It tells objectively of living people in a three-dimensional world; it has substance, form, atmosphere; its drama is never melodrama; there is nothing strained or tortured or queerly perverse about it; and at its heart, in its implied criticism of life, there is serenity and wisdom. This is high praise. On reflection, I do not find that I wish to qualify it.

The scene is Alturas, a Central American republic; the time is, roughly, the mid-nineteenth century. That Alturas is not the Central American republic of O. Henryan farce-comedy. It is a genuine piece of that wild earth inhabited by a completely realized, mixed population of Spaniards, Creoles, Ladinos, and pure-blooded Indians. Moreover, the revolutionary politics and warfare of the time are not insufferably treated as a scene of mad *opera-bouffe*. Mr. La Farge understands his Central Americans and respects them. He knows the landscape and peoples of that extraordinary heap of volcanic mountains thrust up between the *Tierra Caliente*, with its treacherous rain-forest, the *Tierra Templada*, below the heaven-hung uplands, the *Tierra Fria* of those uplands, with its coffee *fincas*, its scattered Indian villages, its golden and crystal splendor between the seasons of its torrential rains. But best, and one is made to feel profoundly, he knows his Indians. Certainly, at least, he has here created for us Indians who—for the purpose of his story—are entirely convincing; and what more can a reasonable reader ask of the author of any exotic tale?

His hero, Esteban, son of an Indian woman and a common soldier of mixed blood, is a fascinating and significant figure. Through Esteban, and his logically presented rise to power as a revolutionary general and instinctive champion of his oppressed race, Mr. La Farge has interpreted for us much that is puzzling in the seemingly chaotic struggles of our Central American neighbors. This novel, like all fine novels, has implications, overtones. It can be strongly recommended, as an adventurous and exciting tale, to those who read only for the story, and even more strongly to those who care for a story only if (as a work of art, and without didactic intrusion) it enlarges the sympathies and enlightens the mind.

A Triad of Novels

SATURDAY NIGHT. By THOMAS MOULT. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.50.

THE APPLETONS OF HERNE. By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1931. $2.50.

THE CONCAVE MIRROR. By W. B. MAXWELL. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THESE three novels are unlike in every respect except one, and that the most deadly and the most conspicuous. They are all indifferent, we should lose nothing at all by not having read them. If indifference admits of the old grammatical degrees, then Mr. Moult's is superlative, Mr. Marshall's comparative, and Mr. Maxwell's positive. Let us begin with "Saturday Night."

This novel was inspired by the kindest of advice; for the late Arnold Bennett, who was too good to authors, said of Mr. Moult, "I want his next novel to be a fighting novel, something that no one but himself with his heart in it, could have written." And Mr. Moult, it would seem (for otherwise I can perceive no light at all), cast about in his mind for something to put his heart into, and pitched upon London. "Noise, unrest, glamor. Iron. Iron beating on iron". . . so he begins, putting his heart into it at once; and so it goes on—the story of a boy in London, and his girl, and his brother, and his brother's girl; with all sorts of animadversions about sin and poverty and little children playing in the dirty streets; and with not, so far as I can see, a sincere emotion in it—as though our author were exhorting himself at every page with "whatever I feel like, I've got to put my heart into this." Mr. Moult has a profound sentimentality and what I suspect to be a pious regard for the word Beauty: by no means a despicable combination, but one that would have been far happier in a novel that was not a fighting novel, and which avoided—as this one does not—noise, murder, and the imitation of Charles Dickens.

Mr. Moult's intention is hearty but none too coherent—he is in labor "with a great burthen of nothing"; Mr. Marshall's is clear and too faithfully carried out. In "The Appletons of Herne" we are to read the story—from Counting House to Country Mansion—of four generations in an English country family; and we are to see the methods of family history applied to the material of fiction. The process may be a possible one, though I should be inclined to doubt it; but in this case the results are lamentable, for the book is stranded somewhere between fact and imagination, lacking the sanction of the first and the

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vitality of the second. The theme is fruitful, we can imagine half a dozen different authors writing half a dozen different novels about it; and as a matter of fact Mr. Marshall's book reads like all those half dozen possible novels with every bit of juice squeezed out of them and only the pulp left. It could have been filled with almost anything, and is filled with almost nothing—a number of unimportant, blurred, and lethargic figures, an atmosphere so pure that it is hardly troubled with action or burdened with destiny, and a very dignified and melodious prose. "The Appletons of Herne" should have been authentic; privately printed; embossed with a coat of arms. It would have made a handsome appearance—and no one would have been expected to read it this side of the twentieth century.

Mr. Maxwell, for whom I have every respect, writes what is very nearly a good novel—the sort of novel in relation to which "very nearly" has the grimmest of grim sounds. "The Concave Mirror" is composed of four things—a promising theme, a simple pattern, an admirable—and difficult—form of presentation, a worthy ambition. It is a middle-aged gentleman's story of his marriage, as it was written down in his own journal. He and his wife were living together in perfect harmony on a moderate income, when a considerable legacy arrived. The wife took to frivolous courses where the husband had no wish and no ability to follow her, and imperceptibly she began to drift away from him, deserting him at last for another man. Within a short time she was herself deserted, and begged to be taken back, and was finally received with kindness. This is a drama which could bear a hundred repetitions, and where the protagonist has every chance of surprising us in the only way in which a character *must* surprise us—by being alive. Page by page, through all the variations of emotion, affirmation, disillusion, we prepare ourselves for this surprise: but we are never gratified. The reason for this is obscure enough, and I may not have the rights of it, but it seems to me that the husband's dimensions—his passions, sorrows, doubts, belief, and so on—are for the most part artificial, 'literary,' the effect of study; that the poor fellow is half-born, with one foot in the world of reality and the other in Mr. Maxwell's notebooks; half a character and half a concoction. And "The Concave Mirror," with the germs of a great success in it, reads like the work of any of a number of trained and undistinguished writers who might have lived a little, and loved a little, and read a little French literature.

The reviewer of fiction is in constant danger of critical myopia; not from seeing too many books, but from peering too closely into them. No doubt all these three novels ("The Concave Mirror," certainly) have some "small parts of wit" in them, the setting forth of which would be an act of kindness and good conscience. I would rather suggest a desperate remedy, on the worn and melancholy plea of "better readers, better books." In Webster's preface to "The White Divel" there occurs this phrase: ". . . *Those ignorant asses, who, visiting Stationers shoppes—their vse is not to inquire for good bookes, but new bookes.*" We rightly condemn bad or violent manners (having somewhat lost the art of them); but the first three words have no more than an impersonal application, and the whole phrase is so venerable that it could inspire no more than an academic anger. Let it be set up in every respectable book store: and—who knows?—it might in the end save us from all novels which offer at best a pale evening's entertainment, and at worst a great deal of boredom; which are not even negatively endowed—vulgar or brazen or illiterate; and which would be doing us small disservice if they never came our way at all.

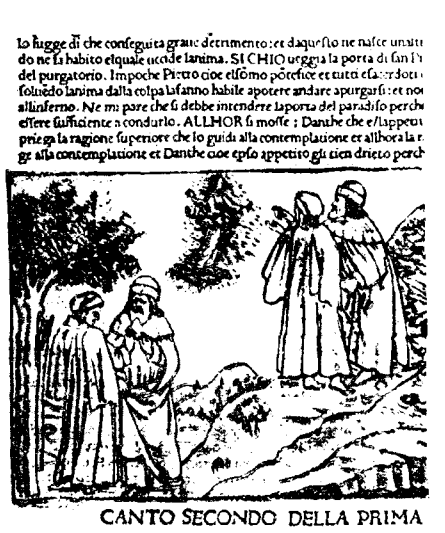
Some four thousand five hundred letters written to the great French novelist, Emile Zola, are to be presented to the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris.

Dante in Translation

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by JEFFERSON BUTLER FLETCHER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by KENNETH MCKENZIE

THE perennial appeal of Dante will doubtless continue to express itself in English translations of the "Divine Comedy." Of the forty-odd complete ones which now exist, not all justify their publication by novelty of method or by special felicity of style. The latest translator, Professor Fletcher, well known for his studies of Dante, has produced a version which takes high rank among those already published. He has devised a new metrical scheme which preserves to some extent the poetic effect of the original without the handicap of threefold rhyme: the first and third verses of each tercet rhyme together as in the Italian terza rima, but the linking into a continuous metre secured by the rhyme of the second verse of each tercet with the first and third of the following tercet is sacrificed. Thus each rhyme occurs twice, not three times; each tercet contains one verse which does not rhyme. Obviously



CANTO SECONDO DELLA PRIMA

A DRAWING FOR THE FIRST ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF DANTE.

this scheme reduces the difficulty of translation in so far as the finding of rhyme-words is concerned. Professor Fletcher believes, moreover, that it has a better effect in English than three-fold rhyme, while at the same time it emphasizes the unity of the tercet as blank verse cannot do.

He remarks in his brief introduction that it is hard to see how the "monotonous rhythms" of unrhymed verse "have much advantage over good prose—unless perhaps to the eye." In fact, he continues, "the prose translators have, up to date, the better of the argument," because they can at least give accurately the substance of the poem even though they make no attempt to reproduce its beauty of form. But is there not a fallacy here? The beauty of form depends not merely upon rhyme and metre, but also upon the choice and arrangement of words, so that a masterly prose rendering like Norton's certainly does suggest at least some of the elements of Dante's style as well as his substance. A translation into threefold rhyme, if it reproduced the meaning of the original without addition, subtraction, or distortion, as prose may do, would perhaps be the ideal; but no rhymed translation, not even Professor Fletcher's compromise, has yet attained this ideal. He attacks the problem with understanding of Dante's meaning and with skill and taste in the use of English verse; his additions may be in the spirit of Dante, but additions there are. Thus "Inferno" III.49, which Longfellow renders literally:

No fame of them the world permits to be,

becomes in Fletcher, through necessity for a rhyme with "pass,"

Their fame on earth is as a breath on glass.

"Inferno" IV.47,48 in Longfellow:

Began I, with desire of being certain
Of that Faith which o'ercometh every error;

in Fletcher:

Began I, seeking comfort to the faith
Which against error is a flaming sword.

To give an idea of the really admirable quality of this new version, and of the effect produced by the rhyme-scheme adopted, we may quote a passage, one among many, in which the rendering is thoroughly satisfactory ("Purgatorio" XXX.22-33):

Full often have I seen all rosy red
The quarter of the east at break of day,
And heaven serene in beauty overhead,
And the sun's countenance so shadowed rise
That by the tempering of the vaporous air
It might be long endured by human eyes:
Even so it was within a cloud of flowers,
Which from those angel hands was floating up
And dropping down—within, without in showers,
That, under a mantle green, a Lady came,
Enwreathed with olive over a white veil,
And robed in color of the living flame.

Whether Professor Fletcher's theories be accepted or not, he has produced an extremely interesting translation which can be read with pleasure. The book contains no notes of any kind; but it is most appropriately illustrated with a frontispiece reproducing the painting by Michelino in the Cathedral of Florence, and with thirteen of the drawings by Botticelli.

Kenneth McKenzie is professor of Italian at Princeton University, and has edited and written on many of the Italian writers. He is a contributor to the "Annual Reports of the Dante Society," and has edited among other books Dante's "Vita Nuova."

The Beloved Physician

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN. A Short Life of Sir William Osler. By EDITH GITTINGS REID. New York: Oxford University Press. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARCHIBALD MALLOCH, M.D.

The well-known "Life of Sir William Osler," by Dr. Harvey Cushing, which gained for its author the Pulitzer Prize, has already been reprinted several times. Dr. Cushing described the work as containing "records which are *memoires pour servir*." It is an open secret that Mrs. Reid was asked by the Oxford University Press, publishers of the former volume, to write the book under review, and therefore the two works cannot be regarded as rivals in any sense. Those who read Cushing's *Life* will wish to read this one too; and many of those who read the present, shorter one will not rest content until they have devoured the former. Mrs. Reid seeks to portray the spirit of the man and she is highly successful. Dr. Cushing quoted a number of charming and amusing letters written by Osler to a little girl at Baltimore named "Doris." The author was a friend of the Osler family and is the mother of that little girl of former years. The book is beautifully printed and well illustrated, but there are a few misprints which should be corrected for the next edition.

William Osler, the son of a Church of England missionary, was born in 1849 at Bond Head, then almost in the wilds of Ontario, and he died seventy years later as Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford. Several of his brothers were distinguished in their various activities, but none of them were as widely known. He was humble and thought he was possessed of but ordinary abilities. He would have admitted that his master-word was work, but he insisted that any success he had achieved was due to the fact that the profession had "pushed him forward." William Osler was ever ready to give credit to others and always said he owed much to the example and inspiration of his three teachers, Father Johnson, Dr. James Bovell, and Dr. Palmer Howard. For a time he intended to enter the Church—what a loss that would have been to medicine as an art and medicine as a science. Although she mentions it, Mrs. Reid might perhaps have told us more of the struggle within him which led to his giving up theology. The writings of Darwin and others drove the ardent naturalists, Father Johnson and Dr. Bovell, to defend the old views of Creation, indeed in the latter's case they led him to forsake medicine and become a Church of England clergyman. On the mind of the younger man, William Osler, they had an entirely different influence, so that the older views he then held were recast and he entered upon the study of science and medicine with a new vigor. It was characteristic of Osler, however, then as in later years, that he sympathized with the beliefs of others, differing so much from his own, and his friendship with his teachers remained unbroken. And it may be remarked that Mrs. Reid has well described Osler's genius for friendship.

At McGill University as Professor of the Institutes of Medicine (now called physiology and pathology) and as a physician to the Montreal General Hospital, Osler laid the foundation of work which made him a foremost clinician throughout his life, at the University of Pennsylvania, as Professor of Medicine at Johns Hopkins University, and finally at Oxford. He entered through the gateway of morbid anatomy, still for most men the soundest way of becoming a good doctor. His knowledge of pathology and of the natural history of diseases, and his sane views of the limitation of treatment by means of drugs were the foundations of his textbook, "The Principles and Practice of Medicine," first published in 1891. It is without doubt one of the most considerable medical works of modern times. It made him known throughout the world, for it was translated from later editions into French, German, Spanish, and Chinese. It was the standby of medical men in all branches of the profession, but especially so of general practicioners for whom Dr. Osler had the greatest admiration, which often was expressed in the words, "they bear the heat and burden of the day."

Quite naturally Mrs. Reid has more to say of William Osler's relations with his students, his *confrères*, his patients, and with the rest of his fellow man, than with the advances he made in the science of medicine. The time is now not far off, when it will be possible accurately to portray his contribution—and it was important—to the rapid progress made by medicine in the late nineteenth and early years of the twentieth centuries. In one of the most charming chapters of the book Mrs. Reid quotes a number of unpublished letters written to young children, most of them relations of his own. It was a delight to see him, even in his latest years, play with youngsters like a child himself. Such play and practical jokes innumerable were his outlets, outlets for a man who carried such a heavy load of responsibility upon his shoulders.

William Osler was a hero to his students and many think he was greatest as a teacher. They saw in him a student like themselves, who encouraged them to their best efforts, not a distant professor far above them, and they worshipped him for a life and conduct in which charity towards the failings of men was always uppermost. His assistant, Dr. William S. Thayer, has in several papers shown this as no one else has done. Mrs. Reid's book is appropriately dedicated to Dr. Thayer. In no matter what community William Osler lived, he gained the admiration of his elders in the profession, never as a consultant "lording it over" anyone. His love for young men never outran his love for older ones. Mrs. Reid records many beautiful memories, recounted to her, which patients have retained of Osler as their doctor. Not alone was it his knowledge of disease, but it was his profound knowledge of human nature that made him a good doctor. He always inspired his patients with hope which after all is a patient's greatest asset.

William Osler was the author of numerous essays and addresses by which he is almost as well known as by his purely medical writings. "Æquanimitas" (a word which he took for his motto), "The Student Life," and "A Way of Life," for instance, should be on the shelves of every student of medicine, and the laity, too, will find them full of the charm of fine writing and allusion to the best litera-

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ture of the world. Osler was an omnivorous reader of the best, but above all, Sir Thomas Browne was his life-long companion, Mrs. Reid writes,

Open his books: read his essays—his words reach you like the sound of an organ interpreting the lines of the long dead; his spirit brings back to us their thoughts and loves and the wisdom of the far past, the truths that have not been invented but have always existed. The charming whimsical touch which entered into what he wrote would not have struck a discordant note with the saddest of themes. . . .

He was a bibliographer in the widest sense and a bibliophile who loved books as much for their contents as for their form, and was just as interested in the lives of the men as in their writings. Osler was a historian of medicine, but, as Mrs. Reid very happily puts it, "the dust of past men never got into his eyes or mind." The books and manuscripts which he collected so carefully now form the valuable Bibliotheca Osleriana bequeathed to his university, McGill.

If Mrs. Reid's phrases in praise of William Osler seem at times extravagant to those who did not know him in the flesh, she is not alone in her admiration of him, for almost all who have written have felt that they must put down on paper exactly how he appeared to them, so powerful an influence had his presence and voice upon them. Mrs. Reid, however, does not hesitate to point out some of his faults; they are not glaring ones; we must admit. Osler spoke good of every man, so well did he know the evil wrought by the word uttered in haste or unkindness. His descriptions of people he had met therefore remain rather colorless; there are few lights and shades. We cannot help wishing to know what his inmost thoughts were of some men.

No one has written a better characterization of William Osler's wife than Mrs. Reid. She was as remarkable a woman as he was a man, and was of incalculable aid to him in carrying out the task he had set himself. But for her he could not have been active in so many different ways. Together they shared unbroken happiness and the final sadness when their only son was killed in the European War.

Mrs. Reid quotes Colonel Fielding H. Garrison's opinion of Sir William Osler: He was the "best-balanced, best equipped, most sagacious, and most lovable of all modern physicians." The medical world needs a leader today. Would he were still among us.

"The practice of interlarding speeches with quotations has greatly decreased of late years," says *John o'London's Weekly*. "But quotations in literature, especially journalism, are as common as ever; probably more so now that everyone is supposed to be more or less educated. And misquotations are undoubtedly on the increase.

Some well-known passages are so often mangled that one is almost surprised if they are correctly given. When Greek joins Greek than comes the tug-of-war is generally rendered: When Greek *meets* Greek, etc. Another instance is Milton's To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new, instead of fresh *woods*. A very common error is to quote from The Ancient Mariner:

Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink,

instead of Nor any drop to drink. Most people would pass without question A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, and Small by degrees, and beautifully less, instead of makes *one*, and *Fine* by degrees, the correct versions."

If only it were possible for the custodians of all libraries to write their reports as brilliantly as Miss Lucy E. Osborne does those for the Chapin Library at Williamstown, Massachusetts, public interest in such institutions would be far greater than it is. Among the matters of which she writes are the Roxburghe-Sir James Lewis Knight-Bruce copy of the first separate printing of the whole Bible in Greek, and proceeds to give a perfectly clear and fascinating account of Greek Bibles in general, including even the Complutensian Polyglot, down to the Isaiah Thomas edition of the Greek Testament in 1800. Later, when she writes of William Gilmore Simms and Stephen Crane, she shows a critical appreciation of American literature that is unusually fine and sensitive. E. M. T.

The Bowling Green

Translations from the Chinese

RIDING ON ROME

WHAT is all this about giving up Latin?
Your civilization rides on Rome
Without realizing it,
And will continue to do so,
Like the mounted police.

Yes, on every New York policeman's saddle-leather
Is a little brass seal:
SIGILLUM CIVITATIS NOVI EBORACI.

* * *

A HOT SPOT

When the reporter from the *Saturday Review*
Asked the Old Mandarin
What he considered the best bookstore in town
He was admirably discreet
But he did remark
"I often travel all the way up to 116th Street
To buy something from the Columbia University Bookstore,
For it is a pleasure to my soul
To visit a bookshop
That doesn't have to depend
On All the Latest Novels.

Okay, here, cried the Business Manager;
That's a Hot Spot with us too;
That bookstore, and the news-stand hard by
Sell over 100 copies of the *Review*
Every week.

CÉZANNE AND THE ELDER
BY WALDO TEIRCE

WHEN YOU'RE WRITING

Remember, when you're writing about New York,
Faces are as important as buildings.

Dive deep into the subway, that gallery of portraiture;
Bathe your eyes in that flood of bitter truth.
It is not lovely, it proves no theorems,
But there is no weariness it cannot heal.

Generalizers on human trouble,
Have you courage to face those faces?
You, and you, and you, seen only once,
Goodbye forever, and good luck.

* * *

UPPER WEST SIDE

Where I should most like to live in your city
Said the Old Mandarin
Is that mansion at the South corner
Of 89th and Riverside
For there, the Guide Book tells me,
Was founded (by Mrs. Isaac Rice)
The Society for the Suppression
Of Unnecessary Noise.

(And what, by the way,
Has become of that Society?)

Then, at lunch time, I might stroll gently
To the restaurant of the Roerich Museum,
Surely the most esoteric of rendezvous,
Where, among Thibetan paintings
And magazines of New Thinking,
An Oriental mahatma
Would feel at home.

Is it the sunset breeze from New Jersey
That makes the Upper West Side so mystical?
But one dark evening
As I passed the front door
Of the Rosicrucian Fellowship
I saw a young couple exchange a secret kiss
In the vestibule,
And said to myself
Even the occultists are human.

And at Riverside and 99th
I found the symbolic American home:
An apartment where the corner window
Is occupied by your sacred idol
(Shaped like a tiny church)
Faced inward to its devotees
With its naked little tubes and kilocycles
Exposed to the passer-by.

* * *

HE WEAKENS

That fine old dwelling on the Jersey palisade
Just below the great Washington Bridge
Would also, methought,
Be an excellent home for a mandarin
To watch at dusk the bridge's long catenary of lights,
The to and fro of mortal traffic,
The blue-clad pontiff who shouts "Cut it down, cut it down!
You're going way over 30."
Then it occurred to me
It would be a long way
From news-stands and cinemas.

* * *

MISUNDERSTOOD

In the Coffee Shoppe near 172nd Street
Was a card: DISHWASHER WANTED
But as the inquisitive Old Mandarin
Peered in the window
In solemn observation
Of a frizzling hamburger,
The young woman came hastily
And removed the sign.

* * *

ALTERNATIVES

Literature now really competes
With the necessities of life.
I have to choose, in the modern pharmacy,
Whether to spend my 39 cents
On psyllium seeds
(Which seem very fashionable on Upper Broadway)
Or chicken-and-noodle dinner in a glass jar
Or a copy of *Saturday Papers*
An excellent volume of editorials
Reprinted lang syne
From the files of this Review
And now mysteriously emerged
(Publishers have their vaults.)

* * *

OBLIQUE SUGGESTION

Although generally a considerate nation
It has never occurred to your customs officials
To put baggage counters on the steamship piers
For the convenience of travellers.

One of the Government's few remaining pleasures
Is to see returning voyagers
Repacking their rummaged luggage
On humble knees.

* * *

THE MONKEY

The monkey in the pet-shop
Earnestly explores the bottom of his cage
Which is deep in clippings
Of Sunday newspapers.

He arches his orbits gravely:
All his reading matter says
NOW, *only* $4.39.

* * *

SEED IN THE WIND

On a day of keen October
The city was filled with floating seeds,
Tiny fluffs of milkweed or cat-tail
Blown from Hackensack meadows
Where autumn is something more
Than a forest of stone perpendiculars.
And all day long
On busy street crossings
Men reached to grasp the drifting gauzes
With twinges they couldn't explain.

* * *

MISTAKE

I woke drowsily in the night
And heard a rush of cars.
Country ears, quicker than reason,
Thought: what a wind has risen
Among my tall strong trees.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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TANTALIZE

Greek mythology records the story of King Tantalus who seriously offended the gods and was punished in an extraordinary manner. He was placed in the midst of a lake whose waters reached his chin, but receded whenever he attempted to allay his thirst. Over his head hung branches laden with choice fruit, which likewise receded whenever he stretched out his hand in an attempt to satisfy his hunger. Tantalus became the symbol of teasing and torment, and his name is the origin of our word *tantalize*. When we know the source of the word, what a clear picture we have of its meaning! This is the way in which you come to understand the background and essential meanings of English words when you look them up in

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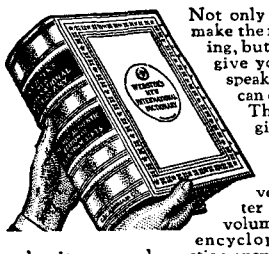

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Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ALTHOUGH I did not find in H. A. Overstreet's introduction to Bonaro Wilkinson's *The Poetic Way of Release* (Knopf) anything profound or new, it reminded me of several things that a weekly commentator on contemporary poetry is inclined to forget. One was this statement: "Literary appreciation and criticism have seemed to deal amost exclusively with poetry as a technique of verbal arrangements." While this is not altogether true, it is true that one comes rather to assume that the expression of human thought and feeling through the medium of what we call poetry is one of the most valuable of all means of human expression. The interesting thing about "The Poetic Way of Release" is that it takes for granted that most people do not realize this, as does its "Introduction,"—that most people do not really know what poetry "is all about," though they encounter it and accept it as a part of life, albeit in disguised forms, every day of their existence. They move in rhythms, as Miss Wilkinson very well explains, they speak in metaphor, they perceive—unless they are excessively unobservant—the beauty of expressive language. Miss Wilkinson's book, then, is admittedly a primer for such people, who believe themselves to be uninterested in poetry as a literary medium. "The Poetic Way of Release" does not take for granted an already established interest, as has this department.

Necessarily, to read the book when one's interest has already for sometime been established, is to encounter the obvious restated,—but these things are not obvious to the ordinary layman. And this book for the ordinary layman, I may say at once, ought to prove considerably clarifying and instructive as to the essential function of poetry, as to the distinction between it and prose, as to why the poet elects his particular method of presentation and what he is trying to do with his particular artistic equipment. It says in essence, poetry is not an Eleusinian mystery or the mere toy of esthetes,—poetry is a natural part of life lived richly. It enhances all observation and increases wisdom. It brings a new significance to daily concerns. It turns the memory, from a mere filing-cabinet of facts or cluttered attic of impressions, into a treasury of experiences whose implications are more fully understood; it increases breadth of mind; and, finally, makes life far more interesting than it may have been before. All this is true, and though I have a few reservations to make in regard to Miss Wilkinson's book, I should like to see it read throughout the country because it will serve to open minds to the pleasure and refreshment inherent in an art that has always seemed to me to possess the greatest resources of any art. For in poetry reside the essential communications also of the arts of painting, of music, of sculpture.

In her Chapter Six, "Venturing into Poetry," Miss Wilkinson has done, albeit in an elementary way, something that should be most enlightening to the layman,—she shows us the poet at work, struggling with his material, substituting this word for that, shifting this or that phrase; in short, actually working at his trade. It is not of particular moment just how I should rate the "poem" she evolves, the important thing is that she drives home the point, by practical demonstration, that the poet is not a mere medium who goes into a trance and is inspired to exact expression on the instant. The writing of poetry is just as hard work as is the doing of a thoroughly good job in any other calling. One's gift for it may originally be great and one's skill grows with practice,—but then one may be born with a remarkable mechanical gift or a positive genius for cooking. Aside from this, one learns the possibilities and limitations of the medium one has elected to work in, and can only realize one's highest possibilities by hard labor, though the result must leave no traces of it.

In her chapter "Poetry that is Passing," Miss Wilkinson discusses with intelligence some of the old poetic attitudes; in regard, for instance, to "infant perfection and passive virtue." But when she is speaking of the "brooding satisfaction" the older poets found "in making studious analyses of every aspect of personal sadness," a taint of the brisk modern world (which we have lately found to be organized with anything but the efficiency we had been taught to believe) creeps in, so that she can actually find mere "neurotic unrestraint" in Shelley's deeply sincere lines ending with that magnificent one, "To me that cup has been dealt in another measure." And what are we to say, when on page 276 she makes the flat statement that "There is no beauty in an old woman who refuses to accept age as a part of experience, nor in a laborer who is not master of his work," except that considerable beauty may nevertheless reside in these, and that the statement is nonsense. I also became suspicious over her introduction of certain particular poems to illustrate certain points she makes, notably when Edgar Guest says a few words in verse in order that she may show that "the idealization of childhood at the expense of mature experience has not completely disappeared"; for earlier it was Wordsworth who so idealized childhood, among others who were considerable poets,—and even the later Whittier could stand nearer to Wordsworth than can the author of "A Heap o' Livin'!" It is not that she does not know Guest's value, or rather the lack of it, but that the reference in this case is careless, as is her citing the beginning of Matthew Arnold's "Philomela" to illustrate "excessive emotionalism," as in her leaving the reader with the impression that Siegfried Sassoon, of all people, merely found in the World War "something ideal,"—for the layman will not have read his other poems,—as in her unconsciously misleading excerpts from T. S. Eliot, and an excerpt from Amy Lowell on page 194 that naturally looks like a very queer phenomenon without its context. On the other hand, in "The Poet and His Fellows" Miss Wilkinson has some good things to say about propaganda and moral platitudes:

> The conspicuous thing about all such ready simplifications is that it recommends approaches which in no way resolve the central issues in situations. Thus:
>
> *When times are bad an' folks are sad*
> *An' gloomy day by day,*
> *Just try your best at lookin' glad*
> *An' whistle 'em away.*
>
> One feels, somehow, not only that the confirmed whistler would make a prodigious nuisance of himself, but that he might be better employed in trying to find out why "times are bad an' folks are sad" and doing something about it.

In general we can recommend the book to the person who says, with perhaps too great an undervaluation of his own powers, "No, I just can't read poetry, I don't know what it's all about!" for Miss Wilkinson's elucidations are simple and clear. She is voluminous in quotation to illustrate, and while she does not delve very deep into modern tendencies, she prepares the ground for the average reader to do his own harvesting.

Farrar & Rinehart bring out *Jasbo Brown and Selected Poems,* by DuBose Heyward, now well-known as the writer of "Porgy," and the dramatist of it and of "Brass Ankle." The title poem treats of the negro who is supposed, according to tradition, to have given us the modern term "jazz." The poems selected from Mr. Heyward's former book, "Skylines and Horizons," impress for the most part with their grave power. Perhaps the most moving is the "Chant for an Old Town," which presents the glamour of the past in the face of "modern improvements." The poems "written in the shadow of the Great Smokies," include the much-quoted "A Yoke of Steers," the haunting one entitled "The Girl," and the colloquial "Black Christmas." Those written in the South Carolina Low Country give us, among others, the striking "Buzzard Island." "Other Poems," the last section, contains a beautiful "Elegy," and ends with a fine "Epitaph for a Poet."

Mr. Heyward's entire poetic output is not great, but one feels that he has never compromised with his art. He has ploughed his own furrow. His subjects chose him. If his work is seldom astonishing, it is written with a fine sincerity and a pondered love of language.

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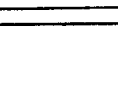

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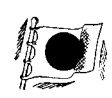

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Southern Writer's in Congress

THE University of Virginia was host recently to a house-party of Southern authors that might well serve as a model for other such convocations. A true copy could, of course, be made almost nowhere except at Mr. Jefferson's university where the art of being an easy and delightful host, although not useful for credits toward a degree, is understood and practiced with the utmost spontaneity. The university—which in this particular connection may be understood to mean its Poe Professor, Dr. James Southall Wilson, and Mr. Stringfellow Barr, who is both a professor and the editor of the *Virginia Quarterly Review*—had arranged a program consisting of two or three informal formal discussions and some lunch and dinner-parties; and they began by assuring the arrivals that they need not attend any of them. So of course everybody went to everything. No resolutions nor pronouncements were made, and what the Southern writer thinks of Romanticism or the Time-spirit will have to be discovered by other means. There were no appointed leaders, yet the talk led through the mazy and dangerous stream of ideas with a result that was not serious nor yet frivolous but something between, or rather, around the two, for both were included.

The most conspicuous thing about the writers was their lack of self-consciousness. They were all being themselves—something admittedly rare in an artistic gathering; and it was also worthy of remark that they availed themselves of the abundant hospitality of the Charlotteville people only so far as it unfroze the genial current of the soul and not to the point where it made merely another wild party.

It was an exciting experience to look round the room at the opening discussion in Madison Hall and see the Southern writers in congress assembled. Southern languor must be out of date in 1931, for it was undiscoverable in the clang of literary argument. Behind an evident type of physiognomy there was an equally evident individuality bred, perhaps, by the isolation in which most of the writers live scattered about the Southern states. That many of them find this isolation, valuable though it doubtless is, a trifle excessive was obvious from the eagerness with which they rubbed shoulders and theories—theories which were first tossed out in impromptu remarks at Madison Hall, and were snatched up, worried, torn, and revamped betweentimes all over the neighboring countryside. Discussion was set in motion by Ellen Glasgow who can be both pithy and witty in speech as few others can. The organizing committee's one essay at formality had been the suggestion of "The Southern Writer and his Public" as a subject for general consideration. This subject Miss Glasgow threw into the scrap-basket in her opening sentence where it lay without being referred to again throughout the two days of the conference. Instead she made provocative remarks about historical and fictional truth as distinguished from real truth, at which the historians, jealous for their Muse, sprang to the breach, led by Ulrich B. Phillips and Archibald Henderson. Some closing remarks of Dr. Henderson's about dreams opened up a somewhat mystic vein which was followed by Mary Johnston who spoke at length of the obligations of the spirit to carry on the poetical tradition of the remote past; Paul Green's flexible imagination reflected this contemplative attitude as he talked about the loneliness of the creative life, but his assumption that the Machine Age would do no harm to the creative mind drew fire from that doughty agrarian, Donald Davidson, who, with Allen Tate, had come from Tennessee to take his stand against the wheels and crank-shafts. Sherwood Anderson, quite undisturbed about letters at any point of the compass, prowled about claiming to be Southern by virtue of a dash of Italian blood rather than by the choice of Virginia for a home. John Peale Bishop, representing the Southern writer living abroad, discoursed on the advantages of sticking to the native brier-patch. Struthers Burt positively declined to take literature seriously and clamored for his lunch; he was at his best at the table where he kept the talk fizzing. Mr. Cabell maintained his position of sage by keeping silent in his inimitable way.

It was suggested by Emily Clark, Stringfellow Barr and others with editorial experience that a search be instituted for the Southern reader, the writers being in excess in that section at the moment. And many other matters of grave import were discussed not lightly to be given to the public interview. There was some talk of seceding from the Union again, but nothing came of it.

A number of well-known names on the list went in pairs. Besides Struthers and Katherine Newlin Burt there were Cale Young Rice and Alice Hegan Rice, the Maristan Chapmans—yes, there are two, Mr. and Mrs., both of whom apparently write the novels—Allen Tate and his wife, who under her own name of Caroline Gordon has just published a novel, Dorothy and DuBose Heyward, the latter dividing with Ellen Glasgow the position of unofficial chairman at this most unofficial convocation. Lawrence Stallings being unable at the last minute to come, Mrs. Stallings, who was there in her own right as a poet, represented both.

Other conspicuous novelists present were Isa Glenn, James Boyd and, spasmodically, William Faulkner, the latter of considerable interest to all as an important if elusive light on the Mississippian horizon. Irita Van Doren, who once came from Florida, appeared for a day, said nothing, took in everything, and went back to New York with it. Then there were Katherine Anthony, Herschel Brickell, Harrison Smith, William E. Dodd, Lawrence Lee, Andrew Nelson Lytle.

Three sessions altogether were held in Madison Hall but it was between these that the impassioned argument went on—at the *Virginia Quarterly Review* luncheon at the Wilson's house on the West Lawn of the university; in the high hall, designed by Jefferson, of the Farmington Country Club; at Monticello; at the Garrard Glenns' delightful party—Mr. Glenn, besides being the brother of Isa Glenn, will be remembered as the lawyer who defended the "Jurgen" case for Mr. Cabell; at the Colonnade Club tea; at the home of Agnes Rothery Platt, who, as a Charlottesville writer, was hostess to as many as dropped in at her house. Even at Castle Hill, whither the writers went at the invitation of Amelie Rives and her husband, Prince Troubetzkoy, their *cuckooo* and *jug-jug* disturbed the celebrated boxwood walks of that truly enchanting place.

And what good came of it at last? the little Peterkins will be asking. To such a question the only possible answer is—perhaps . . . Perhaps if all writers could have the same chance to air their problems and pleasure themselves so spontaneously, life as described in books might not be such a grim business. Certainly this group is eager to repeat the experiment if another university can be found with so generous a spirit as the University of Virginia. For this institution got nothing from the conference except the hotel bills. It safeguarded the privacy of the writers, not asking that they sing for their supper nor perform in any way. It was content with whatever the talent assembled might make of the opportunity it gave.

JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY.

The Porpoise Press of London is about to bring out "The Brave Days," by Neil Munro. Not a strict autobiography of the romantic novelist of Highland life, it contains a full and coherent selection of those "Random Reminiscences" which, under the pen-name of "*Mr. Incognito*," he contributed during the last few years of his life to the *Glasgow Daily Record and Mail*.

Industrial France

NOUVEAUX STANDARDS. By H. DUBREUIL. Paris: Grasset. 1931.

Reviewed by HELEN HILL

THE extent of interest aroused by M. Dubreuil's first book, "Standards," which after an outstanding success in France was translated into practically all of the Western European languages and appeared in America under the title "Robots or Men," has led him to amplify his theory of industrial society in a form more general than the account of his experiences in American plants which constituted the earlier work.

Since the publication of his first book, M. Dubreuil has been continually invited to lecture or debate before societies of engineers and industrialists, and "Nouveaux Standards" gives a résumé of the point of view he has presented on those occasions, in which he translates into direct recommendations for French practice the observations he previously brought forward as notes on his American experience.

These two books, and especially the latter one, represent as graphically as could be done the anomaly in which Western capitalism finds itself. M. Dubreuil is the Secretary-General of the French Confederation of Labor, which is affiliated with the Socialist Amsterdam International; he is a machinist by trade, and got his American experience in American machine shops. Nevertheless it is he who has been campaigning for the introduction of modern methods of coördination into the factories of France. He represents the France which the idyllic writer on the skill and craftsmanship of the Old World ignores. It is clear to him that among French *specialités de la maison* are also railroads, electric plants, steel factories, and mines, where the absence of the machine is synonymous not with individuality but with sheer physical toil, and that the choice is not a choice between the self-expression of an artist in a metier and mechanization, but between working with the improvements which the twentieth century has made upon the industrialism of the nineteenth, and working without them. He sees this difference not only as a difference in physical benefits, but as a difference in social structure, for he holds that insofar as the science of human relations is developed and applied, the habit of running a factory on a discipline borrowed at one remove from the barracks will be dropped in favor of a system of coördinated effort. He sees the socialistic apprenticeship in these terms; he is quite realistic about what would happen if the workers were suddenly to attempt to operate an industrial plant much of whose structure lies beyond their experience. Rather than an impotent seat on a committee of direction, he prefers direct responsibility for that part of the plant in which the worker is at home, responsibility for the improvement of the machines with which he works, and for the organization of the work as it passes his machine.

"Nouveaux Standards," like its predecessor, gives a curious double impression. The first impression of an American who reads it and knows something of the mockery, as far as the worker is concerned, of many of the applications of the Taylor system in America, is that M. Dubreuil has taken seriously rather too much of the happiness hooey that personnel departments are accustomed to exude. But that impression is superficial. As M. Dubreuil is careful to explain to anyone who goes to his office in Paris to question him, the "*côte ombre*" of American industry is not his concern. What he has been looking for is a principle for the reorganization of French industry, and in the light of such a search it is not American failures and hypocrisies but American ideas that may be of value. The books then appear in a different light; as a study in evolutionary revolution, they are interesting.

A conference of writers has just been held in Des Moines, Iowa. It attracted a number of critics and authors from different parts of the country. Lively discussions took place on subjects of interest to those concerned with literature. Mr. Harry Hansen will write on them in next week's SATURDAY REVIEW. He has been at the conference and since he has had personal contact with many of those present, he should have much of interest to say.

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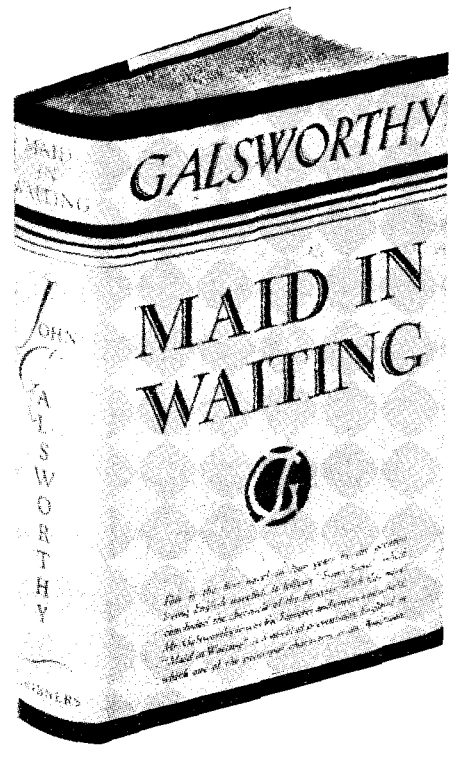

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—Longmans

Points of View

We print below a number of letters written in praise and dispraise of the new typography and make-up of The Saturday Review. *The purpose of the change in dress was much simpler than some of our correspondents have supposed. We have always felt that the important reviews published in the latter part of the* Review, *especially in the Books of Special Interest section, got far less reading than they deserved. They could not be "featured" by putting them in the first pages, because other (and often more ephemeral) books were "in the news," and the thin 9-point Caslon in which they had to be set was not very legible. By adopting the present 8-point Textype is was possible to keep the first pages legible, for though smaller than our old 11-point, the type is very clear, and at the same time lifts the more serious reviews and all the back sections of the magazine into greater legibility. The adoption of the four-column measure for the early pages of the* Review *was determined upon in order to make it possible to shift reviews backward and forward in our make-up without resetting, and also because of the far greater flexibility of make-up, particularly for the first page, which four columns permit. In spite of the belief of some of our correspondents, no change in paper or ink or in the placing of advertising is contemplated, and we expect to be able to get a little, though not much more, copy in our pages. Since the first two numbers were printed, we have discovered that it will be possible to double lead the pages given over to reviews without losing more space than we can afford, and our subscribers will notice in this number the increased lightness and legibility of the pages immediately succeeding the first. The editors are pleased that so many correspondents of taste and experience in typography approve of the changes we have made. Mr. Carl P. Rollins, Printer to Yale University, is responsible for the details of the new layout, and will coöperate with the editors in perfecting it.*

I am taking a great liberty to write to you and to take up your time by sending you a letter. I am angry at you and all your editing staff for changing *The Saturday Review of Literature* like you did. The only reason I know of for this radical movement is that one expressed in the poem entitled "On a Change of Style" composed by Christopher Morley and appearing in the October 10th, 1931, issue of your *Review*. But was it really necessary to change it so? Can't something in this world be different? Does everything have to be the same?

Before, when I gazed at your *Review* I was always met by a feeling of satisfaction and interest in your paper. The large three columns of the front and following pages always gave me a homey feeling when they met my eye. The paper was characterized to me by the number of columns and the large, comfortable print. It was a pleasure to look at your *Review*—even though I did not read it.

But now! The print is so horrid and those columns with the lines drawn between them are awful—positively awful. Is there no remedy for this situation?

Never before have I written a letter of this kind. I do not know whether it is to my credit or otherwise to have this one be my first. Many times before I have felt that I would write to a movie actor, like all silly girls of sixteen do, but the urge was never as strong as it is now.

Do not think I don't like your paper, for I love it and have ever since I first became acquainted with it. But it is the new style in print that I do not care for.

Your criticizing friend,

JANE GEBHARD.

Permit me to congratulate you upon the new dress of the *Saturday Review*. This has come as a very pleasant surprise. The ample space around your column rules adds measurably to the legibility of the page. Some one has done a splendid job of design for you.

M. B. CARY, JR.

New York City.

I like the new looks of the *Saturday Review* immensely, and I wish you my sincere sympathies for the thousand details you have been settling in order to give it this look of a perfect metamorphosis.

FREDERICA FIELD,
Associate Editor, *The Golden Book*.

Your new typographical dress is "lousy"—why change?

TED T. GENSAMER.

The new format, I like very much and hear extremely favorable comments about it.

GEORGIA LINGAFELT.
The Walden Book Shop.
Chicago.

I have been looking over your paper, and feel impelled to write to you that I like your new format very much.

Alfred Harcourt.
New York City.

Last night I picked up the fall number of the *Saturday Review*, and I want to tell you that I like its new appearance immensely. I like the narrower column; I like the crisp feel of the paper; and I like the impression of compactness and of richness of content that I get from it. It is austere, and to some people it may appear forbidding, but a magazine like the *Saturday Review* shouldn't be dressed to please the eye of lazy-minded people anyway.

GUY HOLT.
McGraw-Hill Book Co.

ON CHANGE OF STYLE*
(*The Saturday Review*)

"This change in your format," the reader exclaimed,
"Is not the improvement your Manager claimed;
And I don't know which of the Eds. should be blamed.

"If I knew I would say—(it makes me see red)—
That I surely would recommend doubling the lead,"†
The former contented subscriber loud said.

"For the 10‡ point, so clear, in the old wide bold column,
It lured one to read. The new is so solemn;
And it jams up the words so I can't possibly follow 'em.

"The lines of italics like an accident met
With at the end of an article. No type left to set
With? Oh! I see! It explains who's the author! Yet

"I always accepted your authors as good.
Now they're cramped in thin columns; the page stiff as wood.
Oh, please, Mistress Manager, do be so good

"As to beg Mr. Printer and Carl Rollins, too,
To bring back the old form and banish the new.
I'll renew my subscription for one year, —no, two!

"Yes, in The Beginning, 'tis said, was The Word,
Oh, printers and proofreaders, have you not heard?
Then give it more space that my eyes see not blurred."

ETHEL M. FAIR.
N. J. College for Women.

I'd like to add my congratulations to the many which you must be receiving on the new make-up of *The Saturday Review*.

The page now has an intimacy and chaste typographical appeal which I personally find extremely pleasant.

ROBERT HUNT.
Book Advertising
Doubleday, Doran & Co.

I don't like it . . . your new format. . . . As a Charter subscriber I should have been consulted. . . . Isn't it terrible enuf to have life crowding in on you . . . to have the *Times* pulling the slugs closer . . . to have worse jams in the Subs . . . oh, hell, my eyesight isn't get-

* With apologies to Christopher Morley.
† We are doing it.—EDS.
‡ It was 11 point.

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ting younger and your change doesn't make your sheet the easy reading it was.

It's no more reading I want in my *Review* . . . it's more Glendenning whiskey . . . the good old stuff . . . to think that the *Review* would go bootleg, packing its punches in a four column case instead of keeping a healthful circulation of ozone around the weekly potions.

Thank ye . . . for at least keeping and giving the Green and its keeper plenty of room to race his merry thoughts.

I want the old format back . . . and I want it back d.s. or oculist's accounts rendered will go to you all for collection.

SAMUEL P. KARRAKIS.

I think I am getting to an age when no change seems for the better, but I am very much pleased with your new format, especially with the type; it seems to me clearer than the old. I congratulate you also on getting out such an excellent number with the new dress.

Just a few lines to tell you that I have fallen in love with the *Saturday Review* and like its new typographical dress from the skilful hands of Carl Rollins.

J. W. CUNLIFFE,
Director, Columbia School of Journalism.
Chicago, Ill.

PHILLIS WHEATLEY

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I have read Mr. Hervey Allen's excellent review of Louis Untermeyer's "American Poetry from the Beginning to Whitman" in the *Saturday Review of Literature* of October 3. In it there is an oversight which, I am sure, Mr. Allen will be glad to have brought to his attention. He says, "It is fine, however, to have resurrected Julia Ward Howe's 'Our Orders.' She and poor Anne Bradstreet are the only ladies with poems here, by the way." The anthology also contains poems by Phillis Wheatley, the African slave girl who was the second woman in America to publish a volume of poems.

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON.
Great Barrington, Mass.

"APOCALYPSE"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Can any of your readers tell me who published D. H. Lawrence's "Apocalypse," and how I can obtain a copy?

JOHN H. LEVER.
10 Irving Street,
Worcester, Mass.

HEARN'S LETTERS

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The writer is preparing a bibliography of the writings by and about Lafcadio Hearn, including translations, magazine articles, reviews, etc. Have been most fortunate in receiving information from Hearn's former students and publishers, and in this way have learned of a bundle of unpublished letters of Hearn's that were sold in America from Japan some years ago.

I am writing to you to ask if you or your readers by any chance know who owns these or other unpublished letters written by him. It would be intensely interesting to know if we might expect publication of more of his letters at any time in the near future.

Any suggestions concerning little-known Hearn material would be most gratefully received, and I thank you for such courtesy.

P. D. PERKINS.
235 South 4th Street
Montebello, Cal.

AS TO E. C. BENTLEY

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mr. Christopher Morley's judgment on detective stories is one which must be respected but in answer to his criticism of my opinion on "Trent's Last Case" I can only say that I remain firm.

There is a grace and distinction about Bentley's work in addition to all the other qualities of plot, characterization, atmosphere, etc., possessed by good detective novels. He is indeed the supreme stylist and has set a standard in this class not equalled by another book known to me. How Mr. Morley can mention the books of Dashiell Hammett as being worthy of comparison is a mystery to me. I would have imagined that the almost hysterical and certainly strained note of bloody brutality in this author's books might have appealed to neurotics and degenerates, but *not* to the writer of The Bowling Green?

ARTHUR ROGERS,
Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

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The literary sensation of France, now in its 213th printing. On the occasion of the award the London *Times* said: "This year the jury of the Goncourt Prize has been wise and happy in its choice. *Malaisie* is a delightful book, an elixir to sip, tasting its rare philosophy and beauty . . . The author spent fifteen years in the Malay Archipelago, planting India rubber . . . When he first conceived of this book, a certain spring was touched and memory opened the door." $2.50

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IN DEFENSE OF TOMORROW

By R. DOUGLAS BOWDEN

This book takes a new inventory of American life and culture, and revalues the machine age. The manuscript was awarded the $3,000 prize offered by John G. Agar under the auspices of the National Arts Club for the best work on "The Soul of America." $2.00

CRIMINAL
Justice in England
By Pendleton Howard

This is a very timely and suggestive study of the administration of criminal law in England, which will be of interest to everyone concerned with the problem of American crime. Mr. Howard's advocacy of the English substitute for trial by jury is especially important. $3.00

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The Commodore of the Cunard Line, and hero of the *Titanic* disaster, tells the interesting story of his long life at sea. $3.50

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A CARTOONIST'S PHILOSOPHY
By PERCY CROSBY
Reviewed by New York Times

A CARTOONIST'S PHILOSOPHY. By Percy Crosby. 252 pp. McLean, Virginia: Percy Crosby. $2.

THERE is many a nugget of sound philosophy of the sort that one can live by to be found in "A Cartoonist's Philosophy," by Percy Crosby. The creator of the famous "Skippy" cartoons is, in this case, also his own publisher. As he informs the reader, "Eight prominent publishing houses saw no commercial possibilities" in his book, and as he had something that he wished to put before thinking Americans he took the issuance of the volume into his own hands.

The first half of the volume concerns itself with a visit to Europe, the date of which is not given. The scene is depicted by the author with all the appreciation of the trained artist for what should be played up on the canvas and what should be subdued. And reading these pages, the thought suggests itself that young writers might do well to take a few lessons in drawing or painting; too often what a young writer assumes to be highly effective description is only a muddy collection of words simply because his eyes have never been schooled to see composition in a landscape of myriad detail. Crosby's pages are a valuable lesson. This is not a landscape, but since depiction of a person is of even greater importance to a writer, it serves even better as illustration. "Harold" is a former Cockney "Tommy" who became Crosby's chauffeur.

Relaxed, Harold always gave the impression that he had just finished first in a marathon race. When in the attitude of listening he puffed and perspired, while his large blue eyes drooped until the lids slowly closed, like one swooning. When he spoke the eyes splashed with animation. His arm always churned the air when he talked as if he had an imaginary crank in his hand and was in the act of spinning the earth.

The reader who fails to derive a deal of amusement from the author's discourses with Harold, which, brought together, would fill many pages, is greatly to be pitied. Harold is genuine; Crosby did not invent him. Harold "referred to Kings, Generals and statesmen with the same intimacy as he displayed toward members of his own squad."

This book, of course, would be sadly incomplete if "Skippy" were not to appear, and Mr. Crosby has made no such error. "Skippy," leading up from turtles to God, in an amusing dialogue, should help more than one of us along the road of wholesome thought.

Evidently the road of the cartoonist who essays to portray children understandingly is not always an easy one, as a few pages on persons who have taken the truthfulness of the "Skippy" portrayal to task would show. But whatever the arguments therein brought against Mr. Crosby, the thousands who have taken whole-heartedly into their lives this cartoonist's rare creation will be with Crosby.

Before approaching Mr. Crosby's arraignment of prohibition, it should be noted that the complainant comes into court with hands clean. Percy Crosby, who makes no concealment of earlier friendship with the bottle, from personal conviction that the friendship was not serving his best interests in life cut the binding tie with one resolute slash. Hence, he argues the general question from a strictly nonpartisan standpoint. Summed up, it would seem to be the cartoonist's thesis that any legislative document which deprives the citizen of free ethical choice is not a wholesome piece of legislation. Hence, although it is a specific act of lawmaking that Mr. Crosby brings under the fire of his guns, he is actually arguing, not a particular premise, but a general premise. As in the "Skippy" philosophy, the cartoonist's method is frequently made through the medium of the Socratic dialogue, a weapon with which Mr. Crosby is extremely adept. We give one example of this skill. The repartee is between the "Hundred-Per-Cent American" and the "Philosopher."

H. P. A. The law was a war measure.

Phil. And the American people were informed of this?

H. P. A. Certainly.

Phil. But after the war was over the measure ceased to exist?

H. P. A. How could it cease to exist? It is in the Constitution.

There is much on religion in the book. There is a chapter on art. And although such a glimpse of the varied contents as has here been given may make the book appear as more a random collection than a connected whole, it should be noted that all is held together by the unifying tenet contained in the lines from the Hindu "Bhagavad-Gita" which Crosby quotes.

I am the soul that dwells within,
Life's essence to defend;
I am the origin of life,
Its middle, and its end.

Considering all the good that is to be found scattered through "A Cartoonist's Philosophy," many may question whether eight publishers might not have made a mistake.

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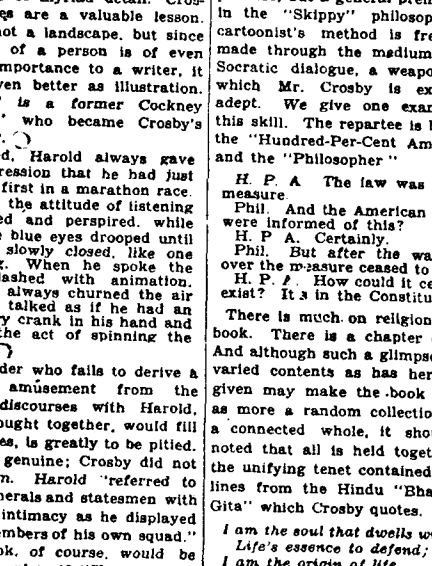

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Belles Lettres

THE SAILOR IN ENGLISH FICTION AND DRAMA. 1550-1800. By HAROLD FRANCIS WATSON. Columbia University Press. 1931. $3.

A useful study of the nautical references in important English books through the period described, with a bibliography. It should be useful to students of English fiction.

THE PEPYS BALLADS. Vols. 5 and 6. Edited by HYDER EDWARD ROLLINS. Harvard University Press. 1931. $3.50 each.

These new volumes contain topical ballads from 1689 to 1693 and, with every variety of literary merit and demerit, constitute "a mirror of the time," doing for the original readers (and for us, incidentally) the office of the sensational newspaper and the motion picture news reel.

MILTON'S EDITORS AND COMMENTATORS FROM PATRICK HUME TO HENRY JOHN TODD. Oxford University Press. $4.

A PERSIAN PEARL. By *Clarence Darrow*. Stratford. $2.

Biography

PAVLOVA. By WALFORD HYDEN. Little, Brown. 1931. $3.

Mr. Hyden was musical director for Pavlova and this is a personal study based on his own experiences with Pavlova. While not a real biography it is a rather complete study of her professional career.

GIOVANNI VERGA. By THOMAS GODDARD BERGIN. Yale University Press. 1931. $2.

This is a brief biographical and critical study of the Italian short story writer who is best known here by his "Cavalleria Rusticana" and whose less known work is of equal interest. A concise and scholarly book.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF RICHARD BAXTER. Edited by *J. M. Lloyd-Thomas*. Everyman's Library. Dutton. 90 cents.

A HISTORY OF THE BORGIAS. By *Frederick Baron Corvo*. Modern Library. 95 cents.

Drama

THE GRUMBLER. By OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Harvard Press. 1931. $1.50.

"Hitherto only one scene of this farce has been printed in the standard editions of Goldsmith's works. While it is only an adaptation and not in Goldsmith's best manner, nevertheless it bears the marks of its author's irrepressible dramatic genius." This edition is printed from the licenser's copy in the Huntington Library. The play is annotated and has an introduction.

Fiction

THE GROWING TREES. By RUTH MANNING-SANDERS. Morrow. 1931. $2.50.

Once more we meet the sensitive, imaginative young English lad, whose doting mother makes valiant efforts to shield him from life. After James Brock's father dies in the war, Mrs. Brock transfers to him all her stifled love-emotion, and succeeds in making a Peter Pan of him. She dies in the middle of the book, but not soon enough to permit James to grow into a human being. At this point also, the book breaks in half. While the first section, dealing with James's adolescence, progresses at a leisurely pace, and while he remains throughout the novel a man who has been nourished on ballads, the second half rushes rapidly to a foregone conclusion.

In London the young man, still sensitive, idealistic, and imaginative, boards with the Viberts. Mrs. Vibert is a real human being. Scatter-brained, emotional, kindly, she attempts to prevent the disintegration of her home. Mr. Vibert, the artist, lives openly with his aging model; Netta, the elder daughter, "knows her own mind" and exploits men for her own purposes; Prothe, the younger, is sweet and innocuous. Inevitably, James falls under the influence of Netta who, when her opportunity comes along in the person of Harry Bettany, successful young novelist, heartlessly deserts him. The erring pater-familias returns to his home, and there is reason to hope that James will eventually fall in love with the sweet and innocuous Prothe.

All this is related in a graceful and entertaining manner that maintains the reader's interest but moves him little, if at all.

THE DARK HORSE. By ROBERT GRANT. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. $2.50.

Through four hundred and thirty-nine pages of this novel of Boston after the World War, Robert Grant manipulates his cardboard figures in the gestures of social and political intrigue. The book makes dull reading, despite the serious intention and painstaking deliberation of its author. The style is reminiscent of Henry James at his worst, the majority of characters are stilted and inhuman, the dialogue pretentious and unnatural. No slightest glimmer of humor comes to relieve the deadly monotony of the tale. In this sequel to his previous novel, "The Chippendales," Mr. Grant has attempted to deal with situations that should be of eternal human interest: the after-effects of war on character, politics, and love. But one individual attains vitality—the girl Rachel Carver—and she is not of the upper crust of Bostonian society. Her presence in the book is a distinct relief from the general atmosphere of snobbery, smug pretentiousness, and boredom. This atmosphere is Mr. Grant's only notable achievement.

THE KIRBYS. By MARGARET WHIPPLE. Putnam's. 1931. $2.

On the title page of her novel Miss Whipple has put this quotation from Montaigne: "To my mind the best lives are those which conform to the common mold, with nothing astonishing or extravagant about them." Carrying out this idea, she has succeeded in making her characters both ordinary and interesting; but the story through which they move is less faithful to the spirit of the quotation. Yet the novel will probably prove tolerably diverting to a good many readers, for, in spite of its sugary conclusion and a good deal of improbable melodrama, it has suspense and a continuous narrative interest.

Father and Mother Kirby are middle class, respectable Americans—fighting mortgages, being bullied by their grown children, not really knowing what their life means or whither it ought to be directed. The three children suggest millions of other young cubs, and the various friends and prospective in-laws are reasonably typical of their separate breeds. Through most of the novel these characters wear very well, but towards the end they begin to lose form and definition. A synthetic happy ending completes their demoralization. And so Miss Whipple's study of lives in the common mold becomes something less than significant—merely another in the melancholy procession of novels that begin well but end feebly.

DISORDER. By SIMONE. Dutton. 1931. $2.50.

In a time when the world is suffering from an overproduction of wheat and cotton—and books—there seems little excuse for publishing so feeble a work as this. Perhaps it is unfair to condemn it as a mere imitation of Julian Green, without his sinister power, for "Disorder" is handicapped by an exceedingly awkward translation. It is studded with such obscure sentences as: "This ray of sun, so pure as to be beyond all reproach, on brushing her reddish underskirt, seemed suddenly to become the oblique gleam from a lamp at a fair, projecting itself on some glass encircled with brass, through which the eye perceives the obscene and red image of the guillotine." After a few pages of that crystal clarity, the mind refuses to function.

Heralded in France as a subtle character study, in the English version, at least, "Disorder" loses significance in a morass of sordid, nightmare details. Emma is another in the succession of yearning virgins who trail their meagre charms through recent fiction. Any man would have been "her man," but with the cards stacked against her she never gets him, and so she reconciles herself to

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spinsterhood. Madame Simone is a renowned actress. In this first novel she takes the reader on a tedious journey where dim, faintly repulsive shadows are seen through the mists of confusion.

EVERY WISE WOMAN. By WILLIAM M. JOHN. Sears. 1931. $2.50.

Mr. John's first book, "Seven Women," was an arresting novel. The action covered the period of only a day. An aid society was virtuously meeting at a certain house while in a lean-to shed a child of sin was being born. Mr. John extracted to the last drop the irony of his dramatic contrast. His technique, brusque, almost unshaded, in its woodblock sharpness of outline, and having something of the same awkward and defensive quality as the characters it portrayed, was exactly suited to the effect Mr. John wished to produce. But it was a method very little adaptable and with a short range of appropriateness.

In "Every Wise Woman" the lack of resilience in the John technique is apparent. Here, where a more complicatedly related group is to be presented and the story covers the lifetime of one generation, the angular pattern into which "Seven Women" fitted so perfectly becomes a monotonous and restrictive mechanism. It must be very difficult for an author to lay aside an instrument which has responded with such complete success to his first needs, but one wishes Mr. John had attempted it.

"Every wise woman buildeth her home; but the foolish plucketh it down with her own hands," Mr. John takes as his text, and a mother-in-law he takes as an example. The mother-in-law theme is, of course, as old as gossip and as new as trouble. Yet it is a dangerous one. So many wooden women have creaked their unconvincing way through the lives of married children on the stage and in the novel. And Mrs. Overbeck (Every Wise Woman), although she is perhaps the most unpleasant belle-mere yet encountered, does not escape the marionette taint. She is driven by the author, not her nature.

On page one Mrs. Overbeck starts for a short visit to her newly married daughter, on page three hundred and thirteen she leaves after a twenty-year visit. During all these heavy, unhappy years she has truly plucked down her house with her own hands. She has by unvaried self-interest and determination brought about the moral and physical undoing of her grandchildren, although she has been powerless to alienate from each other the husband and wife with whom she makes her unwelcome home. The measure of her destructiveness seems a little pressed down and running over in the end. Mrs. Overbeck is too bad to be true. Surely once during her life she must have faltered on her evil way and done, even if unconsciously, a good deed or two; must have forgotten at some crucial time for at least a moment the Great God Self. But if she did, Mr. John fails to record the fact. She is the complete villain whose evil intentions know no let or hindrance. On the surface she is a self-sacrificing, kindly, and righteous woman. Her mask deceives a few characters in the book; but it is held too seldom and carelessly before her face to puzzle any others. She shows no development through the story, she is exactly the same woman in the beginning and at the end, merely with more evidence to prove it.

For all the characters and years that crowd the pages of "Every Wise Woman" one discusses and remembers only Mrs. Overbeck. From one point of view that is a flaw in Mr. John's pronunciamento, from another perhaps it is a virtue. At any rate, the Mother-in-Law, in capitals, remains the universal enemy, and here is news, bad news, of her.

PRINCE JALI. By L. H. MYERS. Harcourt, Brace. 1931. $2.50.

The chronicle of an Indian prince, son of a Buddhist and his Christian wife, and set in the sixteenth century, this novel of L. H. Myers is curiously vague. The style is fluid, graceful and urbane, but the story is strangely unsatisfying. Young Prince Jali, secretly tortured by self-doubt and striving to attain some sort of balance in a world for which he feels himself entirely unfitted, never once reveals recognizably human qualities. The book reads like a lecture, as though the author were preaching a sermon on the text of the young prince, not as though the boy himself were experiencing any of the emotional turmoil of which so much mention is made. Failing in his effort to obtain perfect objectivity, the author has also failed to breathe life into his creation.

HERE THEY ARE—AMOS 'N' ANDY. By CHARLES J. CORRELL and FREEMAN F. GOSDEN. Ray Long & Richard Smith. 1931. $1.

As one who has never heard Amos 'n' Andy on the radio, this reviewer read with great interest the explanation of the popularity of the pair, published as an introduction, by Irvin S. Cobb. Mr. Cobb speaks of "genuine, orthodox, true-to-type, flesh-and-blood Afro-Americans." After reading the dialogues of these two there seemed a simpler explanation: What they say is funny. It is great old minstrel show stuff and undoubtedly as dramatized before the microphone it is well done. What we need is not a Mr. Cobb to tell us why good black-face vaudeville is popular but somebody else to tell us why the old all-male minstrel shows have disappeared, being supplanted by shows full of coffee colored girls. The popularity of Amos 'n' Andy is a healthy sign that Americans have not lost their old love for good low comedy. Even as a book they make good laughter.

History

BEFORE THE MAYFLOWER. By JOHN YARDLEY. Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $5.

A scholarly and interesting study of the pioneers, especially in Virginia, who opened up the country before the better advertised Massachusetts venture began.

BEYOND THE SUBLIME PORTE. By BARNETT MILLER. Yale University Press. $5.

An elaborate and interesting study, abundantly annotated, of the Grand Se-

(*Continued on page 273*)

FICTION

RIVERS OF DAMASCUS

By DONN BYRNE

★*From the N. Y. Herald-Tribune:* "Eleven as fascinatingly told tales as you are likely to find in a year's reading. The title story is almost as delicately informed with nostalgic tenderness as *Messer Marco Polo*. Read them, read them!"

★*From the N. Y. Times:* "Nowhere is Donn Byrne's amazing versatility better exemplified than in this collection of eleven short stories gathered together for the first time in book form." $2.00

WIVES AND MOTHERS

By JEAN RUDD

A story of a family of women caught up by the restlessness of the days when home-making ceased to occupy women's entire lives, and time hung dangerously on their hands. Like most women of today they have to face the dilemma of Love vs. Career and the problem of making a choice. WIVES AND MOTHERS presents two generations of women, a mother and her five daughters, who meet this problem with varying fortunes and run the gamut of woman's experience in marriage and work. $2

THE YOUNG MRS. MEIGS

By ELIZABETH CORBETT

Mrs. Meigs is a "young woman of eighty" who stubbornly refuses to be put on the shelf by her family. She is the heroine of one of the most charming novels of the season.

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THE HUNDRED DAYS

By TALBOT MUNDY

★*From the Philadelphia Public Ledger:* "A real bargain—two full length novels for the price of one; both typical Mundy tales, laid in the Far East and crammed with action. . . His stories never lag, and these last two should provide his large audience with pleasant entertainment." $2.50

CENTURY BOOKS for the FALL of 1931

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By L. O. HOWARD

Thousands of readers who think of insects as small insignificant things which we sometimes step on will be fascinated to read this book which shows them as part of a mighty empire threatening the ultimate supremacy of man.

★*From the Scientific Book Club Review:* "It rivals the best of the murder mystery stories in its ability to hold the attention of the reader." Illustrated. $3.50

MANHATTAN SIDE-SHOW

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

Another brilliant book from the pen of the gypsy of New York, akin in spirit to his famous *Around the World in New York*, but dealing with the many Manhattanites, great and small, whom Konrad Bercovici has met in his wanderings around the town. A gorgeous book of New York personalities, beautifully illustrated. $4.00

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Illustrated. $4.00

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By HENRY JUSTIN SMITH

This book is exactly what its title suggests: a portrait of modern Chicago, illustrated by the striking drawings of the famous artist, E. H. Suydam. The author, a distinguished newspaper editor, presents the story of what Chicago has built and accomplished, the picture of a great city in its normal life and activity.

Illustrated by E. H. Suydam. $5.00

SAVAGE PARADISE

By MARGARET MATCHES

Every explorer and reviewer has hailed Margaret Matches to the ranks of adventurers—a spirited young girl who became bored with the humdrum life of the modern city and had the courage to set out on a tramp steamer to find her savage paradise somewhere in the South Pacific.

★*From the Philadelphia Public Ledger:* "If Miss Matches' book doesn't set your foot to itching, you're a hopeless case!" $4.00

MARCHES of the NORTH

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL

Colonel Powell, citizen of the world, here turns his steps to Canada and explores the Dominion from Cape Breton to the Klondike and from the American border to the Arctic, dealing with the history, the traditions, the resources, the politics and the people of the country.

★*N. Y. World-Telegram:* "It is more than a guide book; it is Canada today and yesterday, and it makes excellent reading." Illustrated. $4.00

GENERAL BOOKS

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH OURSELVES

By CARL RAMUS

A book a common-sense psychology for everyone—explaining the reasons why we act as we do. Psychologists have praised this as a book which will lead every reader to a better understanding of himself.

★*Dr. S. Parkes Cadman says:* "It is not only readable but it is reasonable and I wish it a wide circulation." $3.00

BENEDICT ARNOLD

PATRIOT AND TRAITOR

By OSCAR SHERWIN

★*Harry Hansen, World-Telegram:* "Mr. Sherwin writes a vivid, dramatic, swift-running narrative, with his news sense in excellent operation."

★*New York American:* "It is a good job he has done and he deserves much credit for the care he has taken in marshalling his facts. . . A swift, breathless book."

★*Boston Advertiser:* "It is more than a biography. Light is thrown on the war, the activities of great generals, and the social life of Philadelphia, 'which in 1778 was the metropolitan city of America.' The account of the capture of Major Andre is full and dramatic." $4.00

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A brilliant panorama depicting man's efforts to fly from the accounts of the earliest mythology down to the daily and hourly competitions for new records of the present day. The latter part of the book has been particularly praised for its capable presentation of the story of man's astounding achievements in the air during the past thirty years. Illustrated. $4.00

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Introduction by CARDINAL HAYES

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

O. M. C., Walden, N. Y., says: "Can you tell me who published Richard Realf's poems? I find one or two in old scrapbooks, and I know that he must have been a young man in Illinois at the time of the Civil War. I think he committed suicide."

A VOLUME of "Poems by Richard Realf: Poet, Soldier, Workman" was published by Funk & Wagnalls in 1898, with a memoir by Ruhard Hinton; this is out of print, but Col. Hinton's "John Brown and His Men" (Funk & Wagnalls), in which Realf appears, is still on sale.

For a brief time, and a long time ago, it was a mark of literary and human sensibility to shed a tear for Richard Realf —even to call him, as some one did in a magazine article, an "American Shelley." However, his career began in England, rather more like Chatterton's: he was a wonder-child, loved for his looks and high spirits and admired for a young ease in the making of verse. The son of a rural policeman and his hard-working wife, living near Arundel Castle in the south of England, one shivers to read that he was befriended by Lady Byron. No one that ill-fated creature tried to help ever came to good: she must, I think, have been a little glad when death took over her burden of benefaction and she need no longer heavily wonder why those she cared for always went wrong. The boy himself began soon to distrust his fitness for the social circle of which he now found himself part yet not part, and asked to be put in the way of becoming a land steward. Lady Byron sent him for this purpose to the Noel home in Sussex; he was beautiful, still in his 'teens, and by now somewhat flustered; there was a Miss Noel and soon there was serious scandal. Her brother beat him badly, and he set off for America; a long time afterward he had a lock of her hair beside him in his great moment.

He settled first as assistant to the head of the Five Points House of Industry in New York; this was in 1855; the next year, caught up by the dreams of John Brown, he went to Kansas and the next joined him in Iowa. Brown made him "secretary of state" of that strange provisional government, to go to England to rouse sympathy for it here. When that was over, he worked as a newspaper man in Columbus (where he met Howells) and lived for a while happily enough among the Shakers. Then he fought in the Civil War; out of that he brought one of his two poems that seem to have lasted, the "Sword Song." There were three women in his life in America, one who married him, one divorced, one common-law and uncommonly loved—he seems always to have been somewhat incoherent in his social relations. Not unnaturally, there was long-drawn-out trouble, and at last, having gone to San Francisco, he killed himself there in 1878 as the "only final relief from the incessant table beside him was a brief sonnet-sequence, his *apologia pro vita sua*. It was quite good enough poetry, but it has kept a sort of life, like those literary movements whose chief production was a glowing manifesto. Only his manifesto came at the end, not the opening, of his career: I can fancy Shelley meeting him at the Gate, telling him, as one poet to another, to put all those words in the waste-basket, and helping him to get a fresh start in Heaven.

A. L. C., Butte, Montana, asks for material for a club paper on the folklore of Scotland. In "Folk Tales of All Nations," a collection of 350 stories from 60 countries, edited by F. H. Lee (Coward-McCann), there are eight characteristic stories from Scotland, from traditional sources; this is a good book for any library, as children can read it for amusement and students for the folklore value. For a fairly recent and easily obtainable book about witchcraft in Scotland, John Buchan's historical novel "Witch Wood" (Houghton Mifflin) can't be beat. Speaking, as we were not long since about books on Edinburgh, one has just appeared that costs less than the one I then emphasized for its beauty, and yet has quite a number of fine color-illustrations: "Edinburgh," by Rosaline Masson (Macmillan). Its text, by the way, has plenty of stories that would fit into this paper, and so has H. V. Morton's "In Search of Scotland" (Dodd, Mead), an inspiring book to read before or after a visit to this country.

E. D. P., Proctor, Vermont, and C. A. W., New York City, ask for books on Greece and the Dalmatian Coast, in preparation for extended travel there. There is of course Baedeker's "Greece" (Scribner) and the publications of the Hellenic Information Bureau, 1046 Investment Building, Washington, D. C. There is the practical treatment given the subject by Harry Franck in "I Discover Greece" (Century), a late one of his long line of personal experience travel books. There is the political and economic consideration in W. Miller's "Greece" (Scribner), one of the excellent series known as "The Modern World," and in "Greece Today," by E. G. Mears (Stanford University Press). There are descriptive guide and reading books, such as the large "Greece, Old and New," by A. Brown (Dodd, Mead), which is fully illustrated, and the little "Greece," by E. A. Browne (Macmillan), a historical guide which goes in the pocket. There is a book about "The Church of the Greek People," by E. Kephala (Macmillan), a subject in which the traveller is likely to be interested; the art critic Maier-Graefe made a tour of Egypt, Palestine, Constantinople, and Greece and recorded it in "Pyramid and Temple" (Macaulay); another famous critic and traveller, Edward Hutton, wrote "Glimpses of Greece" (Macmillan), a large book illustrated with many fine photographs. Maud Howe Elliott's "Lord Byron's Helmet" (Houghton Mifflin) documents a famous episode. Two books by English writers are as interesting for the personality of the authors as for the story told: "Mediterranean Scenes: Rome, Greece, Constantinople," by Arnold Bennett (Cassell: 1928), and "A Three-legged Tour in Greece," by Ethel Smythe (Heinemann, 1927).

The most recent book on Dalmatia is "Romantic Cities of Dalmatia," by Muriel Currey (McBride), which appeared last year; not long before that, "Dalmatia," by H. F. Brown, was added to the series of inexpensive color books published here by Macmillan; its pictures are by Walter Tyndale. "Delightful Dalmatia," by Alice L. Moqué (Funk & Wagnalls), visits all places of importance and tells a good deal about customs, folklore, and history. In Ernest Peixotto's "By Italian Seas" (Scribner) there is a chapter "Down the Dalmatian Coast."

H. T., New York, asks about the Youth Movement in Germany. There is a chapter on the various youth movements there in "The New Education in the German Republic," by Thomas Alexander and Beryl Parker (John Day), which gives a good idea of the scope, statistics, and spread of the movement. The only book I know in English that is devoted entirely to it is "Young Germany," by Anne Merriman Peck (McBride), which, like the author's illustrations, is the result of personal experience within the year—an important point, as times change rapidly. This is an excellent way to learn about the *Wandervögel* and other picturesque manifestations of the new national spirit.

G. G. H., Cincinnati, O., asks what was the book about dining in New York. It was just that: "Dining in New York," by Rian James, and it was—and is—one of the intimate guides to happiness in this metropolis published by John Day; I have heard good reports of it as used by two native and a Midwestern visitor, so it seems to suit various types of client. There is a new guide in this series, "Nightlife," by Charles G. Shaw (Day), which looks very busy and portentous. It is not all about night clubs, though these figure largest; you can find where to get your pictures taken up to midnight and the name and number of the most courteous taxi driver in town.

By VIRGINIA KENT CUMMINS

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Illustrated by RUTH REEVES

Mrs. Cummins' love for our strong and tender English speech has made her use of it alive and lovely. Her poem, *Technique*, ought to be blazoned forth in living letters of light. —*Professor Earle F. Palmer*

There is no feeble glow of the true light in these poems. —*Irving Bacheller*

A deep, spiritual note, in the broadest sense...a philosophical quality that makes for strength...sprightliness, humor, and even something of the unconventional... unusual touches. —*The Boston Transcript*

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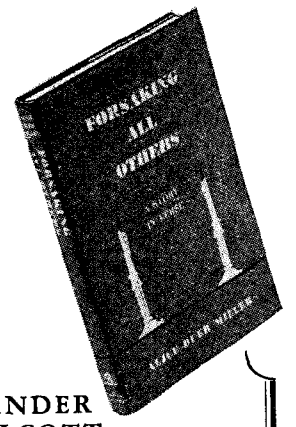

WHAT CAN YOU DO with a woman's things
After a woman is dead?
Not the bracelets and rings and strings
Of pearls, but the small unvalued things—
What can I do, Wayne said.

What can you do with a woman's dresses,
After a woman is dead?
Hanging limp in the cedar presses,
They are part of herself, her pretty dresses—
What can I do, Wayne said.

What can you do with a woman's shoes,
After a woman is dead?
Shoes that perhaps you helped her choose,
Poor little empty half-worn shoes—
What can I do, Wayne said.

What can you do with her brush and comb,
After a woman is dead?
What in God's name can you do with her home
And her loss and her love and her brush and comb—
What can I do, Wayne said.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT *says:*

"This *Forsaking All Others* is, it seems to me, a tale of grace and wisdom all compact. As one who has read and reread it, I can testify to its exceeding fascination, and I find that its afterglow lingers long and contents the mind."

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"*Forsaking All Others* is an original and deeply impressive story in verse—a masterpiece of its kind."

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The New Books

History

(*Continued from page* 271)

raglio with accounts of its architecture, manner of life of the court and the harem, and the history of the great period of Turkish rule as written in what might be called the home life of the Sultan.

THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION. By *Jesse E. Wrench.* Scribners. $2.20.

PILGRIMS OF THE SANTA FE. By *Agnes C. Laut.* Stokes. $3.50.

VENICE AND BONAPARTE. By *George B. McClellan.* Princeton University Press.

Miscellaneous

ALASKA BEAR TRAILS. By HAROLD MACCRACKEN. Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $2.50.

An interesting narrative of adventure in the game regions of Alaska, abundantly illustrated, and written by a man with experience as an explorer and scientist. A good reference book for those interested in the great bears of Alaska.

TRADERS AND SMUGGLERS IN THE DESERTS OF EGYPT. By COLONEL ANDRÉ VON DUMREICHER.

A first-hand account of adventure in the desert directorate whose business it was to maintain public safety and stop smuggling in one of the wildest and least known regions of the world. The book is as full of interesting anecdote and experience as of valuable information.

FAMOUS SEA FIGHTS. By *John Richard Hale.* Dial. $2.50.

WORD ECONOMY. By *L. W. Lockhart.* London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Tubner.

WAR-THOUGHTS IN PEACE-TIME. By *C. D. Broad.* Oxford University Press. $1.

YEARS OF BUILDING. By *Caroline A. Yale.* Dial. $3.50.

TURNPIKES. By *Joseph Austin Durrenberger.* Valdosta: The Author. $2.50.

TRACKERS AND SMUGGLERS IN THE DESERTS OF EGYPT. By *Col. André von Dumreicher.* Dial.

THE LOST CONTINENT OF MU. By *James Churchward.* Washburn.

THE SONG OF GOD. By *Dhan Gopal Mukerji.* Dutton. $3.50.

LATIN AMERICA IN WORLD POLITICS. By *J. Fred Rippy.* Crofts. $3.75.

IRELAND IN AMERICA. By *Edward F. Roberts.* Putnam. $2.50.

CONTRACT BRIDGE SUMMARY. By *Winfield Liggett, Jr.* $1.

EDUCATION FOR NEWSPAPER LIFE. By *Allen Sinclair Will.* Newark: The Essex Press. $3.

GETTING A JOB AND GETTING AHEAD. By *Albert Fancher.* Whittlesey House. $2.

MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY. Rudge.

U-BOATS WESTWARD! By *Ernst Hashagen.* Putnam. $3.50.

MASKS. By *Herbert Kniffin.* Edited by *William G. Whitford.* Peoria, Ill.: Manual Arts Press. $3.

Poetry

THE AENEID, Edited with Introduction and Commentary. By J. W. MACKAIL. Oxford University Press. 1931. $7.

Professor Mackail, who at one time held the chair of poetry at Oxford, has made an edition of Virgil's epic whose avowed purpose is to treat the poem as a poem, leaving questions of history, geography, and mythology to one side. It is perfectly true that the technique of commentary has grown so lush that it sometimes obscures the matter it was intended to make clear, and the practice of using ancient works of literature as mines for queer words, queer facts, and queerer theories is often exasperating to true lovers of literature. Also there is a special sin of editors which has been a great burden to the public. A sentence in Mackail's preface deserves to be quoted entire for its healthy frankness in this regard.

> Acknowledgment of debts to predecessors is, even when carried to punctiliousness, good manners as well as honesty; setting their views out, balancing them against one another, and coming to one's own conclusion, is a process which it is superfluous to record; and often, it may be suspected, commentaries are immoderately swollen, not from over-conscienttiousness, and not even from the besetting sin of scholars, love of controversy, but from timidity, and because the writer is afraid of the charge of "not seeming to be aware" of what has been written on the point by others.

The commentary is not so unlike others as might be expected, except that there is a good deal of superfluity omitted. But any attempt to make Vergil intelligible in a modern language must follow the same general pattern. The critical apparatus is brief but, for its purpose, sufficient. There is a good deal of interesting material on the growth and stages of composition of the poem, both in the notes, in the Introductory Notes to the various books and in the Introduction proper. Here also are the facts of Virgil's life and a discussion of his hexameters set forth with the editor's well-known felicity of language. The best part of the Introduction is that it really does lead to the poem. Readers will find themselves insensibly drawn along until they leave the shores of commentary altogether and

in altum
vela dabant laeti.

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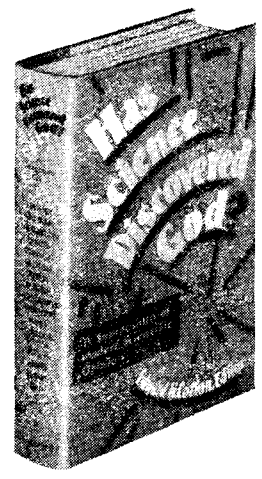

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By JOSEPH ROTH

Translated by Dorothy Thompson

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ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS *writes*

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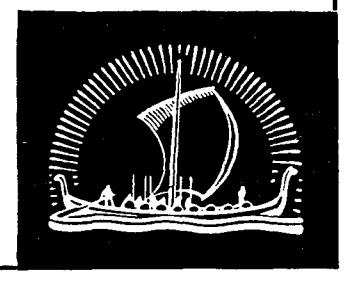

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ARTHUR SCHNITZLER: 1862-1931

It was only a few short weeks ago that this column recapitulated the enduring satisfactions of knowing ARTHUR SCHNITZLER—and of being entrusted, for the last seven years, with the publication of his works in America.

The honor of helping to consolidate SCHNITZLER's fame on this side of the Atlantic [we repeat one short paragraph], the thrill of sponsoring a masterpiece like *Fraulein Else*, the perverse glow of writing a passionate series of advertisements about him without using a single adjective, the heat of battle and the exhilaration of triumph in defending *Casanova's Homecoming* against the onslaughts of JOHN S. SUMNER, the joy of visiting him in his enchanted garden in Vienna, the sheer and cumulative delight in rereading his pages of autumnal splendor—all these recollections are evoked by the name of ARTHUR SCHNITZLER.

His sudden death comes as a personal blow to *The Inner Sanctum* and as a shock to the world of letters. There is a melancholy irony in the fact that the novelette which he had but recently completed should bear the title *Flight Into Darkness*.

It was the destiny of ARTHUR SCHNITZLER to adorn and articulate a city famous for its geniuses, to depict with incomparable grace and tenderness the glamour and disenchantment of Vienna, to draw from words such music as Kreisler draws from strings.

ESSANDESS.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

IT seems to us funny that we get so many circulars and advertisements in the mails,—in fact the fact that we get so many circulars and advertisements in the mails seems to us most annoying! We mean at home. At the office, of course, we never get anything but envelopes full of publicity, in return for which we are so rude as never to make any acknowledgment. But at home in the morning—when we *are* at home in the morning—we expect to get real letters. Only nobody ever seems to send us real letters. Only c. and a., as we said before. If one lives in any one place too long, one gets—or *you* get—on so many mailing-lists. And the delighted expectation of a lot of morning correspondence, to be gaily chuckled over while you are burning the bacon so that you have to open the window, is so often disappointed that when a real letter does come you usually throw it away at first and afterward hunt for it in the scrap-basket. But, oh well, why discuss life,—it's too depressing. . . .

We got one thing in the mail at the office which wasn't a circular though; it *was* publicity. It is called "A Solo in Tom-Toms" and is written by the *Gene Fowler* who wrote "Trumpet in the Dust," "Shoe the Wild Mare," and the life-story of *William J. Fallon*, "The Great Mouthpiece." Covici, Friede, Inc. had asked Mr. Fowler, born Mr. Devlan, to give them some biographical material, and this is it, and they thought it so funny that they made it into a booklet of which only 350 copies were printed and none are for sale. We sat down and read it immediately and were somewhat charmed and also thought it rather smarty. But Mr. Fowler tells absolutely *all* about his pretty interesting existence. . . .

Finally having finished with Mr. Fowler's not so nefarious career, we turned to a book Macmillan had sent us. We admit that it would cost you five dollars, but it cost us merely several hours out of our working-day. It is called "Illustrated Magic," translated from the original by *Ottokar Fischer* and edited by *J. B. Mussey* and *Fulton Oursler*. It really is a swell book, for even if after reading it you can't do the sleight-of-hand which naturally it takes a long time to learn, or even if you fail at the other stunts at which professional magicians are so proficient, at least you have been shown by much text and many pictures just how a lot of the stage magic is worked. We even learned how a lady is sawed in two, and it's simple enough when you know how it's done. Not that we have any sadistic desire to saw any lady in two. But we wished to be informed, just for interest. And also, it's not true that an Indian fakir can climb up a rope after his assistant, a rope that is thrown into the air and remains suspended, apparently attached to nothing. Nobody has really ever seen such a thing. That shows how much you can believe of what you hear! . . .

Did you ever hear of the *Sappho of Soho*? Our friend *Louise Morgan Theis*, who writes for *Everyman* in England, tells us that the newest of the new English publishers, *Desmond Harmsworth* (the most charming member of a famous family) has been very amusing on the subject of this lady; for he is publishing a volume of poems called "Unholy Music," by a charwoman poet named *Lucy Watkin*. When he found her, Miss Theis tells us, she had over two thousand poems written on odds and ends of paper, some of them tucked in her stockings! Mr. Harmsworth is also publishing a pamphlet by *Ezra Pound*, entitled "How to Read," and has a work in progress by *John Collier* (one of our favorite authors since reading "His Monkey Wife.") . . .

Richard Hughes has written Harpers, his publishers, that he received a fan letter *from John Barrymore*, with reference to "High Wind in Jamaica," published over here as "The Innocent Voyage." Mr. Barrymore spoke of having been sent the book by *Edward Sheldon:*

> I made the error of starting it before dinner to which we had asked some people. I left unobtrusively just before coffee—went straight to bed and finished it—thereby forever crystallizing a reputation for studied eccentricity! The simplest way of squaring oneself is to send a copy of your book to everyone present. It is more terrifying than "The Turn of the Screw," and more discerning than "Penrod,"—and almost if not quite the only thing I have ever read that reveals the labyrinthine and potential monstrousness of a child's mind before it inhibits itself into a cognizance of the constabulary!

We are glad to learn that Mr. Barrymore endorses two of the—to us—greatest books in the world, namely *Henry James's* "The Turn of the Screw" and Hughes's "High Wind." . . .

It came as a surprise to us that *Harrison Smith* had left *Jonathan Cape*.

Alas for the rent in that gorgeous caparison
Of Cape that is Jonathan, Smith that is Harrison!
The publishing world seems all knocked out of shape
Since Jonathan Smith has left Harrison Cape,—
Beg pardon! We mean that like kin and like kith
Seemed Jonathan Cape unto Harrison Smith:
But now there'll be set up a separate garrison:
HERE will be Jonathan—THERE will be Harrison.
Never were names better wed in a firm, anent
Musical euphony,—could it be permanent!
Tender them garlands of wilted forsythias,
Stifle a sob over Damon and Pythias,
Firms may arise that will shine by comparison,—
But Jonathan, Jonathan, what of your Harrison!

Oliver La Farge's "Laughing Boy" is another book we think most highly of. And now it has been announced by the O. Henry Memorial Award Committee that he is the winner of the best short-short story of the year, for his "Haunted Ground" which appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The announcement was made at the same time that Houghton Mifflin published his new novel, "Sparks Fly Upward." And speaking of short-shorts, that reminds us that *Frank Sullivan* recently started a threat in the *New Yorker* to write even short, short, short, short stories, and, as it was, tore off a short, short, short story. And that reminds us that Frank took us sadly to task for letting Crowley, the President of the New York Central, know that he never took trains. And all the railroads are nervous, and he does, he does, he *does* take trains. He takes a train every day some place just out of loyalty to old Commodore Vanderbilt, and probably to keep in some sort of trim,—what sort of trim do you like? I think Frank with a little pink trim would be nice. And if the B & O people call us up we'll tell them the same thing,—he does, he does, he *does* take trains. . . . THE PHŒNICIAN.

This American novel has the same delicacy, surety and distinction as
THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN
—ISABEL PATERSON in N. Y. Herald Tribune
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"The Simple Bard, unbroke by rules of Art,
He pours the wild effusions of the heart;
And if inspir'd, 'tis Nature's pow'rs inspire;
Her's all the melting thrill, and her's the kindling fire."

—ANONYMOUS.

The AMEN CORNER

It was thus that the title-page (reproduced in facsimile in the Kilmarnock Burns in the *Oxford Miscellany Series*' recommended to the polite world of eighteenth-century Edinburgh

POEMS
CHIEFLY IN THE
SCOTTISH DIALECT
by
ROBERT BURNS

The legend of the Simple Bard dies hard; but nothing can be more different from the unsophisticated Scottish peasant whom fancy and tradition present, than the picture we get from the new edition of *The Letters of Robert Burns*, by Professor J. De Lancey Ferguson of Cleveland. Here we have a "highly though unsystematically educated" man, who drafted every important letter before writing out a fair copy for the post. He took his letter-writing so seriously that the letters give us Burns certainly as he was, but seen, too, through the glass of what he wished to be. From them we get the picture of the real Burns, and the real Burns was a complex whole to whose right understanding this correspondence is essential.

So far as present resources go, the new Oxford edition is the most complete and reliable ever published. There are sixty-one letters collected for the first time, and many more (the Oxonian got tired counting) to which substantial additions or corrections have been made. The letters of Burns suffered from his own idea of what they should be like, but they have suffered more from editors of weak stomach or exaggerated propriety. Some of the liberties of former editors which the Oxonian heard Professor Ferguson recount at the meeting of the Modern Language Association last winter in Washington almost made us rise from our obscure corner to startle that staid assemblage with a sweeping denunciation of all editors and editing. One of them went so far as to change all Burns's "damns" to "curses"—a textual care which seems to imply an incomplete understanding of the meaning of the word "curse." But Professor Ferguson has been a perfect editor. Nothing but the discovery of new manuscripts could improve upon his edition. We noted last week that *The Publishers' Weekly* has already declared it "will be a standard item in the bookstores for many years to come."

We are always interested in the embellishments of our favorite books, and we are pleased to report that the present volumes are adorned with two portraits of Burns, the charming painting by Nasmyth and another thought to be by Alexander Reid, and facsimiles of seven letters.

Some of the most interesting things we have read about Burns we found in Mr. H. W. Thompson's delightful account of Scotland's Golden Age, *A Scottish Man of Feeling*.[2] It was Mackenzie who sponsored the *Poems* of 1786, and it was Burns in 1787 who first called Mackenzie "the Addison of the Scots," a phrase echoed by Scott in the dedication of *Waverley* in 1814.[3] Mr. Thompson, too, reminds us of Burns's attempt to win a place from the powerful Dundas family. How powerful they were Mr. Holden Furber has shown in his recent biography, *Henry Dundas, First Viscount Melville*, 1742-1811,[4] Political Manager of Scotland, Statesman, Administrator of British India.

After reading *The Letters of Robert Burns* you will naturally want to turn again to his poems. We know of no better edition than the one in the *Oxford Standard Authors*,[5] nor one handier than that in the *World's Classics*.[6]

Here, by the way, are some lines from the poem *On the Death of Robert Dundas, Esq.* It is calculated to dispel the myth of the unlettered Muse of Burns:

> Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes,
> Rousing elate in these degenerate times;
> View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
> As guileful Fraud points out the erring way:
> While subtile Litigation's pliant tongue
> The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:
> Hark, injured Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
> And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail!

—THE OXONIAN.

Our Book of the Month: THE LETTERS OF ROBERT BURNS, edited by J. De Lancey Ferguson. 2 volumes. $10.00.

(1) $1.75. (2) $5.00 *The Anecdotes and Egotisms of Henry Mackenzie.* Also $5.00 (3) The Oxford Scott. 24 vols. $36.00. (4) $5.00; (5) $1.50. (6) 80c.

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Fall Fashions

THE not too melancholy days are come when the morning's mail assays for a high percentage of booksellers' catalogues. They seem to be collectively as abundant, and individually as bulky, as they were last year and the year before. Nor do prices current reflect anything like the depreciation that has overtaken such unsentimental commodities as unbleached cotton, Steel common, and the eighty-five-cent business man's lunch of 1929. Therein is cause for cheer. It is well to be hilarious even in falsetto; it is good to whistle, even though the impulse be derived from an adjacent graveyard.

Actually there happens to be a sound economic philosophy behind the fall quotations. The depression has not brought rare books into the market in anything like the abundance that one might have anticipated. It is a condition that argues eloquently for the tenacity, or simplicity, or devotion, or shrewdness, or something, of the collector. Forced to relinquish his bonds or his books, he has tossed away his bonds. Perhaps he is converting them into books.

Overproduction, moreover, is a bugaboo which does not lift its leering visage over the rare-bookseller's transom. Mr. Schwab and Mr. Farrell may shake their heads gloomily at the quantity of I-beams on their inventories, but Mr. Hackett does not stumble over tiers of "The Last of the Mohicans" nor Dr. Rosenbach wring his hands at the spectacle of a vaultful of quarto "Hamlets."

There is, of course, a suggestion of uncertainty in the asked prices of some items, particularly those which owe their collecting eminence to a sudden and not particularly divine afflatus. They may become—they may even be—items of major importance; the proof is yet to be adduced. There are, for instance, first editions of far less cultural significance and sentimental desirability than "The Lady, or the Tiger?," yet two fall catalogues, issued a continent apart, quote the title respectively at $45 and $90. Both figures may require upward or downward revision, but one does anyway.

The most encouraging element in the situation—and a highly encouraging one—is the certainty that this is an admirable moment for the collector to chart his own course. If he has heeded alien counsel in the dear dead days, there is still time (and there may never be a better time) for him to repent and to take heed of his own preferences. And if he has no preferences he has no business to be buying books.

J. T. W.

Herodotus Began It

FROM London comes an announcement of portentous significance. "Easter Day," a long poem by A. E. Coppard, has just been issued by the Ulysses Bookshop. "The *entire* edition for the whole world"—the issue, obviously, is both definitive and inclusive and just misses being cosmic—"is limited to 145 copies, printed on pure Japanese vellum enclosed in a charming slip case; *each copy signed; and the last four lines of this long poem written out by A. E. Coppard himself.*" The trend is clear—the italics (transcribed as found) fairly trumpet it. Coming, perhaps next year, perhaps later, but ineluctably coming: The manuscript book, with the complete text in the hand of the author, in an issue of as many copies as faltering flesh will bear to produce.

The Ulysses Bookshop is conducted by Dr. Jacob Schwartz, whose roystering catalogues have earned him during the past two seasons a notoriety that has now generally crystallized into a sincere respect for his alertness and acumen as a bibliographer. His recent "Catalogue of Publications from the Ulysses Bookshop," from which the description of "Easter Day" is quoted, exhibits him in more formal guise than the student of his earlier announcements is accustomed to. He is soon to issue a bibliography of the works of Havelock Ellis, and in the present catalogue he reproduces the title pages of three striking variants of Ellis's "Sexual Inversion." The book was first issued at Leipzig in 1896, in German, with the consent of the authors, Ellis and John Addington Symonds. The title page made specific proclamation of this priority: "Das Konträre Geschlechtsgefühl von Havelock Ellis und J. A. Symonds, Deutsche Original-Ausgabe Besorgt Unter Mitwirkung von Dr. Hans Kurella (vignette), Leipzig, Georg H. Wigand's Verlag, 1896."

This edition, according to the Ulysses announcement, appeared in August, 1896. The first English edition was not printed until ten months later: "Sexual Inversion, by Havelock Ellis and John Addington Symonds, London, Wilson and Macmillan, 16, John Street, Bedford Row, W.C., 1897." Four of the five appendices were by Symonds, whose literary executors, the catalogue declares, "suppressed the . . . edition even after they had originally given permission for the inclusion of the appendices." Six months later—in December, 1897—another variant was issued with this title page: "Studies in the Psychology of Sex, Vol. 1, Sexual Inversion, by Havelock Ellis, London, The University Press, Watford, 1897."

Thus is another unit added to the list of books which originally appeared in a language other than that in which they were first written. For a precedent one can go back at least to 1474, when the first edition of Herodotus appeared at Venice in Latin—the first Greek edition was not printed until 1526 at Cologne. The most famous example, of course, is Franklin's autobiography, which was published in Paris in a French translation in 1791, in Berlin in German and in Stockholm in Swedish in 1792, and finally in London in English in 1793. Oscar Wilde's "Salome," denied performance in London by the Lord Chamberlain because it introduced scriptural characters, was published in French, at Paris, in 1893, and in London, in an English translation, the following year, but "Salome" does not quite meet the specifications, having actually been written in French to begin with. Can anyone supply further entries?

J. T. W.

The Marble Faun

HAWTHORNE'S THE MARBLE FAUN. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1931.

THIS edition of Hawthorne's novel is a handy two-volume issue, printed in Zurich. The type and printing are traditional and modest, suggestive of the nineteenth century volumes which Hawthorne knew. There is nothing striking about them; on the other hand they are good for reading because of that.

What distinguishes this edition are the colored etchings by Carl Strauss, an American-born Swiss. They are delicate and precise, lovely and appropriate.

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R.

A number of manuscripts of early works by the Russian poet, Pushkin, have been found in the library of the Academy of Sciences at Leningrad.

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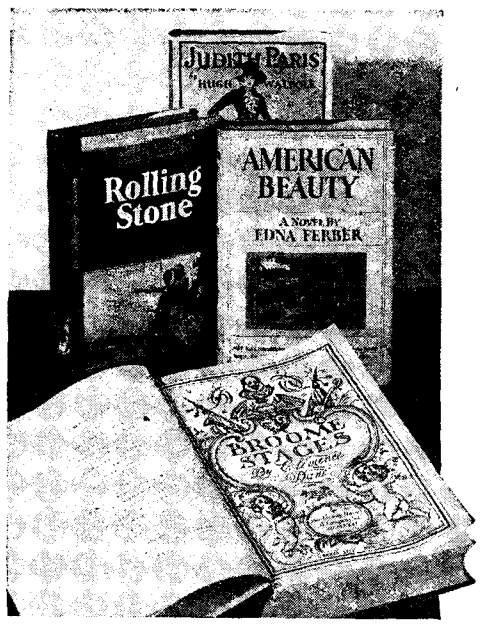

Books
that have Stood the Test

In a season which has made history by the number of good books published, these books stand out. They are important—they have been successful, not only as to reviews and sales, but in respect to that hardest of all tests for books, the appreciation of enough individual readers to keep them constantly in demand. If you happen to have missed any of them, let this page serve as a reminder and a guide to reading pleasure you shan't soon forget.

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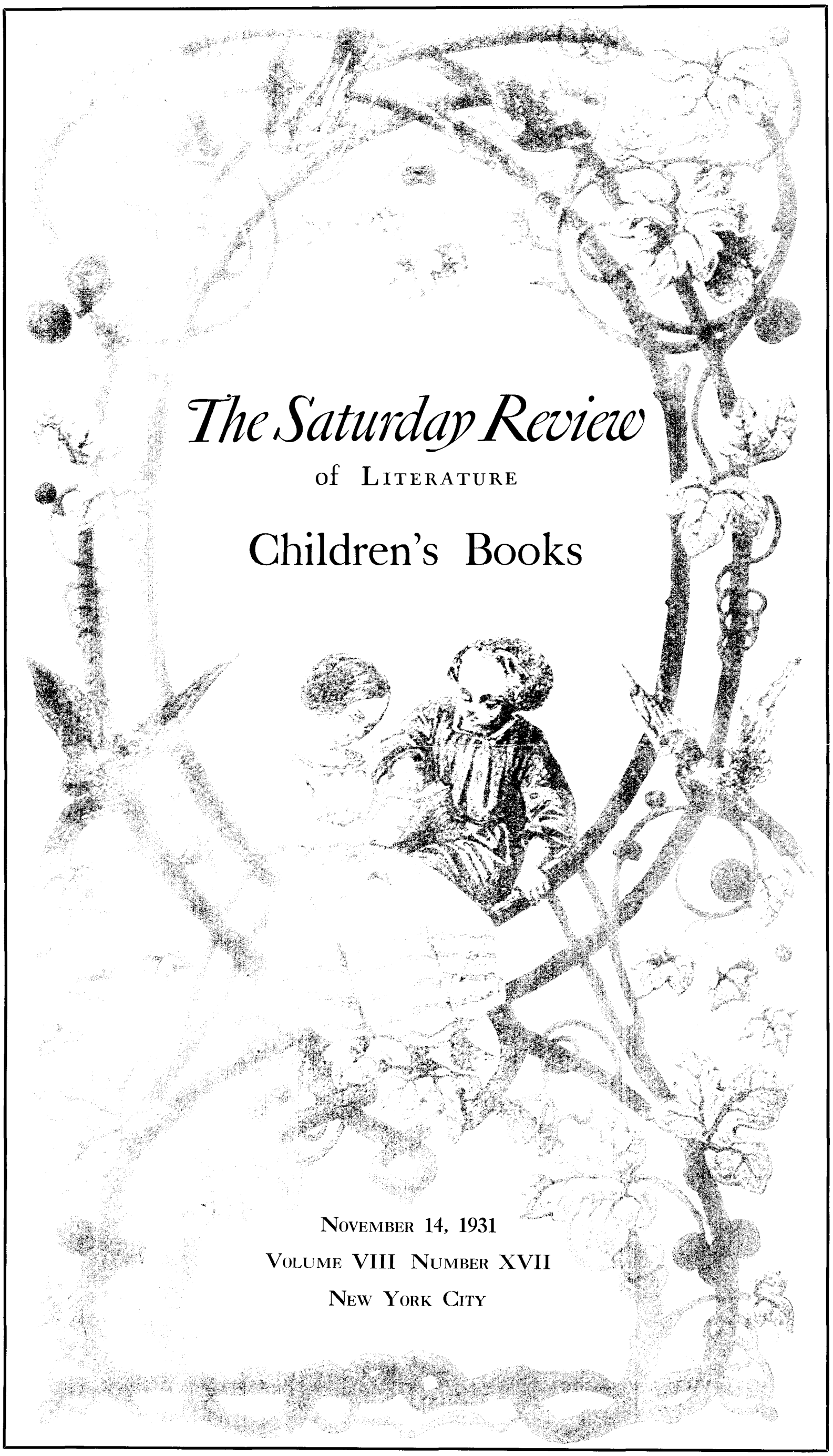

The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

Children's Books

NOVEMBER 14, 1931

VOLUME VIII NUMBER XVII

NEW YORK CITY

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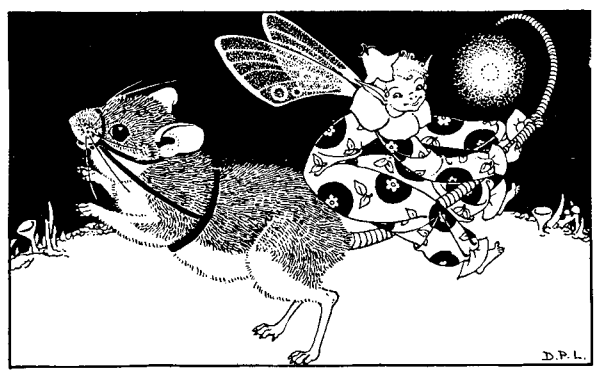

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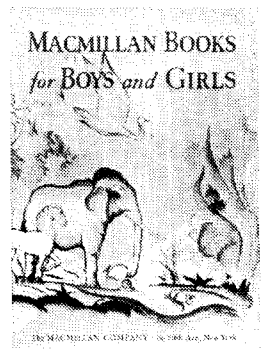

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